JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 7, 1940. TWOPENCE

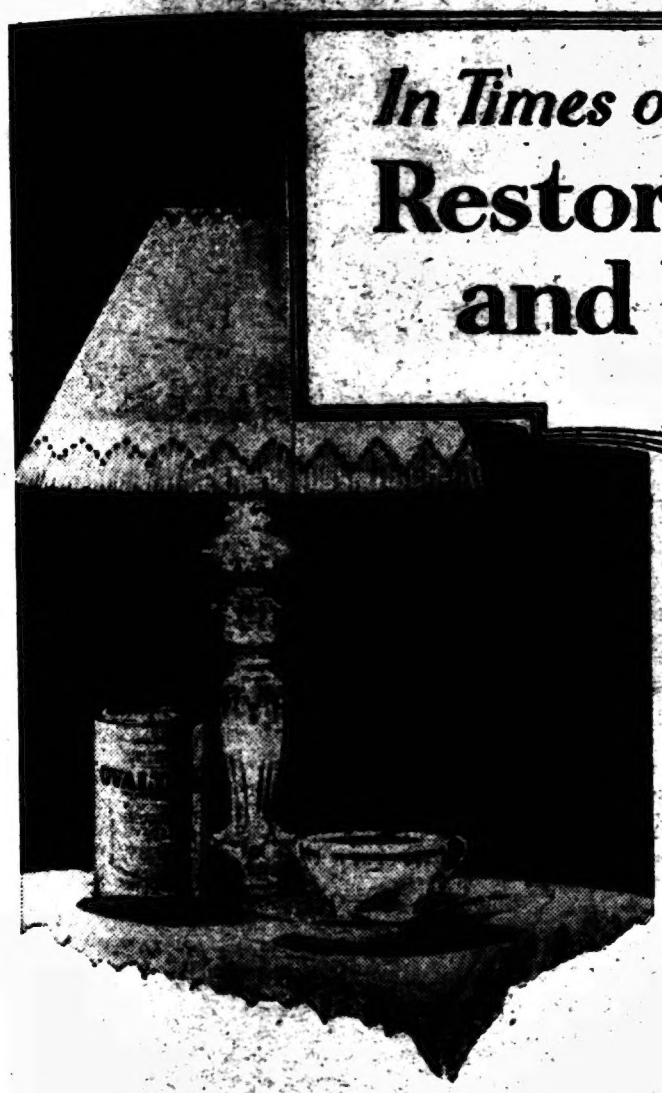
JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1799

AIR RAIDS! £3,600 CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

MONEY! By A.G.G.

THE RAMP THAT FAILED by the EDITOR



In Times of Tension – everyone needs

Restorative Nourishment and Revitalizing Sleep

AT the present time abnormal stresses and strains are the common experience of everyone. Such conditions can be met with cheerfulness and confidence, however, if health and vitality are maintained at a high level.

It is therefore most important to remember that your fitness and vitality depend almost entirely upon two factors in your daily life—*restorative nourishment and revitalising sleep.*

For these purposes 'Ovaltine' possesses outstanding advantages. Prepared from Nature's best restorative foods, 'Ovaltine' provides every nutritive element required to restore strength and vitality to the entire system. Furthermore, a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime is recognised everywhere as the best way to ensure refreshing sleep. Even when your rest is broken, 'Ovaltine' helps you to resume revitalising sleep quickly.

The pre-eminent restorative properties of 'Ovaltine' are largely due to the eggs used in its manufacture. No food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.

Remember also that owing to its scientific composition and preparation 'Ovaltine' is ideally constituted to make good any lack of essential nutriment arising from food restrictions.

For all these reasons let 'Ovaltine' be your regular standby. Mark the improvement it makes in your fitness and outlook. But be sure it *is* 'Ovaltine' which is so very different from imitations made to *look* the same.

OVALTINE TABLETS

An emergency ration for eating

'Ovaltine' Tablets contain the energising and sustaining elements of 'Ovaltine.' Carry an emergency supply in your pocket or handbag. In two sizes, 1/3d. and 4d.

Drink Delicious

Ovaltine

The Restorative Food Beverage

P560A

FRY'S COCOA IS MAKING NEW FRIENDS

—and the Coopers meet an old friend at midnight

There's nothing like that siren for making new friends and testing the value of old friends. For example — The Turners asked the Coopers next door to share their shelter. One dark and chilly night, after the all-clear had sounded, the two families went back to the Turners' kitchen and Mrs. Turner served piping hot cups of Fry's Cocoa all round.

'Why can't we have this lovely cocoa at home?' asked young Billy Cooper.

'We used to drink it right through the last war,' said Mrs. Cooper, 'and now we'll have it again.'

So now the Coopers drink Fry's regularly and they mean to keep the Fry's Cocoa habit in peace-time, too. For Mrs. Cooper realizes that this food drink keeps the housekeeping bills down, puts extra nourishment into every meal, and helps the whole family to sleep soundly.

FACTS ABOUT FRY'S COCOA

- Fry's Cocoa is a real food packed with nourishment and energy.
- Fry's Cocoa is an ideal food for growing children.
- Fry's Cocoa is rich in nerve-strengthening substances.
- Fry's Cocoa contains vitamin D — the natural sunshine vitamin of the cocoa bean.
- Fry's Cocoa is economical in use and makes every meal go farther.
- Fry's Cocoa, because it is easily digested, makes an ideal bedtime drink.

An old friend that is making new friends

FRY'S COCOA

DOWN IN PRICE. NOW 5d. PER ¼ LB.

C.230.41040

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THIS WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS

THE child between two and five years old cannot eat anything and everything. His meals should be carefully thought out. Here are some suggestions.

Safeguard Your Milk

IN present conditions — even if you live in the country — all milk should be sterilised. This is simply done in your own home by boiling the milk and cooling it *quickly*.

Remember that a child needs plenty of milk every day. There is no other food so good for him — for his bones, teeth, brain and vitality. He may not like it by itself — but give it to him in a pudding or as a milk and vegetable soup, and he will thoroughly enjoy it.

If you haven't already done so, ask your local Food Office about free or cheap milk for young children under the National Milk Scheme.

How to Make Oatcakes

Oatmeal, one of the finest foods for giving warmth and energy, is a "must" for growing children. They will probably like it as oatcakes, made this way. Mix together 8 ozs. fine oatmeal, 1½ ozs. self-raising flour and ½ teaspoonful salt. Add 1 tablespoonful dripping, melted, and enough boiling water to bind. Roll out the mixture as thinly as possible in a little fine oatmeal. Cut it into triangles and bake in a greased tin in a fairly hot oven.

When waste of food is done to all,
Not even little crusts of bread,
It gives Lord Woolton such a thrill
He wants to get you on the head!

Three Protectives

Everyone needs "protective" foods — the foods that build up resistance to illness and fatigue; growing children need them most of all. Here are three that are plentiful this winter.

BAKED POTATOES. Encourage your children to eat baked potatoes, jacket and all. The jacket has a delicious sweet flavour and provides valuable roughage. The potato is not only a 'protector' but also an energy-giver.

CARROTS, one of the most valuable of the root vegetables, are an important protective food. They are rich in Vitamin A which helps to guard us against winter ills, and are also good for teeth, bones and blood. Most children love carrot when it has been washed, lightly scraped and grated raw into a salad or a sandwich.

SALADS. If a child is fond of salads he is well on the way to good health. Salads and vegetables are what he needs almost more than anything else, so train him to like them as early as you can. You will find that many children, when they can't cope with a plate-full of green salad, will enjoy it when it's well chopped up between slices of wholemeal bread.

Apple-Ade

Never waste the peel and cores of your apples. Boil them in a little water, and you'll have a delicious and very health-giving drink.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 7, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HERE'S THE WAY TO DO IT!

WE are going to win. We've become more certain of it in the last few days.

We have seen Mussolini's navy and army on the run.

We've got the measure of the "Wops," Germany's weaker partners.

But *how* are we going to win?

"Wait till the Spring," says everybody, but JOHN BULL says what we are able to do in the Spring depends on what we are able to do *now*.

We Want Miracles

JOHN BULL is pleased about that full-dress debate in the House of Commons on the subject of Production.

We are **pleased that such a courageous man as Emmanuel Shinwell, who regards victory as more important than his own life, should have pointed out dangers concerning production.**

Production is amazing. But don't let us preen ourselves.

The best isn't good enough.

We want the miraculous.

The Full Results

Are we getting miracles?

Here and there, yes.

Generally speaking, no.

Full results of the production programme, remarkable though they are, are not what you would expect from a people prepared to give its all.

We are making mistakes.

There are managements which, chary of giving full co-operation to their workpeople, are crabbing the effort.

There are workpeople who wait for their comrades to win the V.C.s of industry.

Above all, there is official muddling.

Dangerous Complex

We would indict, among the many who need indictment, the people who want to lean on the United States.

France leaned on the Maginot Line. She became Maginot Line-minded. France is lost because of the Maginot Line complex.

We have got to work like hell on the supposition that the United States is going to do nothing whatsoever.

She is going to do a lot, but we must regard that as extra-weight.

When we win, let us see that we have won by a margin representing something more than the U.S. has done for us.

Don't Want This

We would indict the people who believe in industrial compulsion.

We are inclined to presume that Mr. Shinwell believes in it, although, make no mistake, he would have no compulsion on labour without a corresponding compulsion on employers, finance, and all that.

If we have misunderstood him, we are sorry.

We have printed tens of thousands of words of praise about him. We would find it hard to say ten words against him.

Mr. Shinwell comes near to being the perfect Member.

But we don't believe in compulsion of this sort.

Answer, Please!

We believe that 100 per cent. of the public is behind Mr. Churchill; is eager to do his bidding.

And JOHN BULL says: Why use compulsion against people who are all prepared to do their damnedest of their own volition?

How silly to compel a man to do what he yearns to do.

If compulsion is needed, it should be used against Higher Authorities who can't make full use of the man complaining that nobody wants him.

Throwing 'Em Away

Hundreds of thousands of men enter employment exchanges every day in search of work or maintenance.

Every man Jack of them should be considered as a Spitfire or a Hurricane, a fine piece of mechanism to be used against Hitler.

Many are sent away without jobs.

Many more are diverted to work of no importance to the national effort.

We don't blame hard-working Ministry of Labour clerks.

It is *the system* that throws away whole army corps of industrial soldiers that no Jerry or "Wop" bayonets could disarm.

Denied a Chance

We receive hundreds of letters every week from men who should be in the front line of the industrial effort, yet can't reach the reserve trenches.

We saw khaki being sold in a West End store: told the responsible Minister: were assured that it wouldn't be on sale there if we called later in the afternoon.

We called a week later, and it was still there.

We found the executive of a war factory, bombed out of London, searching the Home Counties for new premises—with nobody to help him.

Waste of man-power, yet it is so much more valuable than money.

Spurning Money

We are dealing here with the question of production.

But we are spurning money just as much as human effort, as A. G. Gardiner shows you on page 9

He tells you how we hesitate to use the money-power of the nation, just as we hesitate to use the man-power of the nation.

Financially, he says, we are not on a war footing.

It is just as true of man-power.

Village Factories

Imagine a man who is producing important parts for a British fighter having to search for a new factory site when he should be getting on with his job.

We should be building factories now, not in the centres of great cities, but in the villages and even hamlets that have such necessary facilities as electricity and gas.

Great Offensive—Now

What we will do in the Spring depends largely on what we are doing now.

The Great Spring Offensive will succeed as long as the Great Autumn Offensive doesn't fail.

To-morrow is as important as March 1—if not more so.

Ships, and More Ships

This is true, not only of the urgent need for aircraft, but also of the vital necessity for increasing our Red Duster tonnage.

U-boats and dive bombers have now taken a big bite out of the greatest Merchant Service Fleet ever assembled.

The convoy system still works, but it is not enough. And heavy weather won't baffle the U-boats for long.

Until the Admiralty finds the answer, we must go on building ships, more ships, and still more ships to beat the Nazi pirates by sheer massed tonnage.

Stop wailing about Irish ports and "blockades"; and put every skilled shipbuilder to work.

The rising rhythm of a hundred thousand hammers in British shipyards will be Hitler's swan song.

"Jerry"-Building

Beating the Germans may still seem immense, but it isn't so difficult.

When a minute crack appears in the German façade it soon becomes a fissure. That fissure soon becomes collapse.

It happened last time.

It has happened throughout history.

Germans are not solid granite.

They are "jerry-built" concrete, which looks like granite.

And when "jerry-built" concrete cracks it soon crumbles and falls.

BUT WE MUST KEEP ON THE JOB—ALL OF US!

WATCH FOR

—big shake-up in the reserved occupation schedule

Many young men who have been hidden away under the cloak of skill they have never possessed will be rooted out in the vast call-up foreshadowed by Mr. Bevin.

—sensational moves INSIDE Italy

A powerful anti-Mussolini movement is growing up, and the Duce's bodyguard from the Ovra (secret police) has been considerably strengthened.

—more sabotage in Norway

Recent landslips which have blocked important railways are only the beginning.

—Hitler's next diplomatic trick

He is planning to delude German Catholics, and, through them, gain the good will or even the active assistance of Catholics throughout the world.

£3,600 AIR RAID INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

A £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FREE FOR EVERY READER

SABOTEURS HELPED BY CARELESSNESS WITH MILITARY PASSES TO VITAL AREAS : HOW INADEQUATE PASSENGER TRANSPORT HAMPERS WAR EFFORT : YET MORE WASTE OF FIRST-CLASS BRAINS : DOCTORS' SHARE OF WAR'S COST : INDUSTRIAL SCROOGE

(Continued from preceding page)

THERE is still too much laxity about handling of official passes to such vital areas as armament works and aerodromes.

Men paid off after finishing a contract are sometimes permitted to retain possession of passes.

One such worker had the good sense to scrawl "cancelled" across such a pass when he finished a job at a West Country aerodrome.

Not all men are so wise.

These passes, of great value to anyone contemplating sabotage, should be the subject of the strictest official check.

Hampering the War Effort

Transport difficulties, inevitable these days, should not hamper the war effort.

In some places workers finishing night shifts have to wait nearly an hour for 'buses to take them home.

One corporation, refusing to provide such transport, is also apparently unwilling to allow private companies to operate such a service.

Dock Workers are Neglected

From Liverpool, too, come complaints of inadequate transport facilities for men engaged in vital work at the docks.

They have to fight for seats in the trams on the outskirts of the city every morning; and similar scenes are observed at the Pier Head in the evening.

Because of this short-sightedness on the part of authorities stoppages in night work have taken place.

No Night Work in the Docks

Ships, instead of being unloaded, stay silent and deserted at night.

Get the wheels running.

When transport is needed to get men to and from vital jobs there should be no stupid niggling.

Skilled Labour Goes to Waste

War effort, too, is not yet 100 per cent.; will not be so long as red tape and petty regulations continue to sicken those who want to work and are denied that right.

From all sides come stories which show up the whole organisation of labour effort in a bad light.

Workers cannot do their best while so much time and so much skilled labour are wasted.

Army Takes the Biscuit

For sheer waste of skill commend us to the Army.

In one unit is a volunteer who was welcomed as a valuable addition to the Forces.

He was a trained teleprinter operator.

Posted to an infantry battalion, he drilled and footslogged for six months.

When he was trained, authority recognised his value and transferred him to the Royal Corps of Signals.

In this instance the man's qualifications were eventually noted.

Brains "Tops" this Time

In many others they have not been.

Intelligent, highly trained men are wasting time on Army fatigues instead of specialising in some intricate branch of the Service.

Brains are tops in this war.

Every mind above normal intelligence should be employed to its best advantage.

"Jump to It" on the Roads

Increase in road deaths is not surprising when carelessness on part of motorist and pedestrian alike is noted.

Safety-first rules in traffic seem to have been forgotten by many people; and to the careful motorist a journey today is one long nightmare.

Don't forget to "jump to it" on the roads as well as "go to it" in the factories.

Three Guineas for an "Alert"

Attention already drawn to case of doctor who received from local authority three guineas every time he turned out on an "alert" has brought to light other scandalous instances.

In a Home Counties borough certain doctors reporting to First Aid centres in or near the town on an "alert" sounding are paid £1 10s. a call with a maximum of £3 a day.

£15 a Week: Six Casualties

Since *blitzkrieg* began these medicos have been averaging about £15 a week.

Casualties in town have been six.

In same town Borough Surveyor gets two guineas a time for reporting (in working hours) on property damaged in raids.

Taxpayers Have Right to Know

While these professional men pick up their war perquisites, volunteers, after a day's work, often put in 12-hour duties at the First Aid posts.

War is now costing country more than £10,000,000 a day. Wonder how much of it goes in such payments?

Taxpayers have the right to know.

Railways Are Defying Nazis

Passengers, realising the problems confronting the railways, put up with a great deal of discomfort and delay.

Railways have stood up to the raids well; have kept the wheels of transport running; and, somehow, managed to take us to and from our work.

But they mistake the acceptance of discomfort as complacency; and they are still not organised on a scale which permits the nation to get the most out of its railways.

Collieries Can't Get Wagons

Certain collieries in the North are working only three or four days a week because there is a shortage of wagons.

Rolling stock is not used to its utmost because of delay in some of the repairing shops.

Here, it seems, is a problem which might well be tackled and solved by the Railway Wagon Repairs Association, whose job it is to pay for all repairs up to a certain cost.

They can help in keeping the wagons moving, the pits busy and the home fires burning.

£1 for 77 Hours of Night Duty

An advertiser in a Northern evening newspaper offers the magnificent wage of £1 a week for seventy-seven hours night telephone duty.

This attempted exploitation of labour at a time when workers are urged to fight and toil for the right to live a free and decent life is typical of a small section of the community.

To make matters worse the remunerative job is offered to a pensioner or ex-Serviceman.

What an assessment of years of work and years of sacrifice!

Exploiting Misfortune

Always, unhappily, there are people ready to make capital out of the misfortunes of others.

In one heavily bombed south coast town a number of people in a certain area had to leave their damaged homes.

They decided to have their coal removed to new homes. The little profiteer who undertook the job charged £1 in each instance for moving a ton of coal less than a mile.

Have You Tried This?

Another ramp has cropped up in connection with the storage of furniture.

One firm has told those with goods in store that charges are to be increased.

The alternative to paying the increased charge is to find other storage accommodation —a task about as simple as buying a dozen lemons or a pound of onions.

(The Editor discusses more fully the iniquities of the war time ramps in "Without Fear or Favour" on the opposite page.)

How Food is Thrown Away

There is still too much food being wasted.

In restaurants and cafés one sees the remains of meals —half-eaten rolls, pieces of bread—left on plates.

We have been pampered so far by a too-benevolent Government. Some day the Cabinet will put us on a real war time basis and introduce a system of frugal, rational living.

Butter is served in restaurants.

So are rolls. They can be cut out.

Meals away from home are luxuries enough, without unessential trimmings.

Help Them See it Through

There are in private ownership in Britain 125,000 binoculars suitable for use by the Fighting Services.

The Ministry of Supply wants those binoculars—and if necessary, is prepared to pay for them.

If you care to give instead or sell, your aid will be doubly welcome.

Help the lads to see it through!

Behind the News

● So many flying schools attached to German aircraft factories have been disrupted by R.A.F. raids that Nazi pilot cadets are being trained at specially camouflaged aerodromes cut out of the forest in eastern Poland.

● *Extremely heavy crash rate of latest German aircraft types designed to compete with new British machines has forced Goering to offer big money bonuses to attract test pilots. British designs are increasing their lead over the Nazis.*

● Nazi rubber problem has become as serious as oil troubles. Germany is hurriedly commandeering every available piece of old rubber in occupied territory, but stocks have proved far below estimates.

● **United States air mission on special duty in England have reported that R.A.F. organisation is as much superior to Germany's as are our aircraft and airmen. Not only do they recommend that increased supplies of machines will be used fully but also suggest that America might find it profitable to copy many of our methods.**

● *Anglo-American naval co-operation is quickly being extended to ensure the safety of both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in such a way that the greatest use can be made of all vessels without their "beats" overlapping.*

● **Colonial conference just ended in New Delhi to intensify British Empire war effort means that war potential against Hitler will be increased by yet another 20 per cent. This alone is estimated to make good more than double any possible loss suffered by Britain at the highest "airblitz" rate of Luftwaffe night attacks.**

● *Since Italian "Caporetto of Albania" Fascists in Moslem countries, especially Syria, fear local efforts to be revenged for past cruelties. Millions of pounds' worth of trade and contracts will eventually be lost to Italy.*

● Japan has failed entirely to put the Burma road out of action despite expensive air attacks. Chiang-kai-Shek's position has been further strengthened by the arrival of U.S.A. pursuit aircraft flown by "crack" American volunteers.

● *Japan has also realised the prospect of defeat through lack of progress. Inside the Tokyo Government there is growing doubt about the wisdom of the tie-up with the Axis.*

RAMP that FAILED!

"Without Fear or Favour" By the EDITOR

HOW do you like our headline? We think it is good, but we should like it better if we could be sure what ramp really has failed. Most of them seem to be going strong. Those who said that there were to be no profits out of this war have proved false prophets.

Did anyone say that? Certainly; some still do.

Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Robert Boothby, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Food, when opening Aberdeen's Food Week, said:—

"No one is going to make money out of this war and no one ought to make money out of it."

Mr. Boothby should talk to a few ordinary women when they come back from the household shopping. Alternatively, he should read JOHN BULL.

For we can tell him that the helpless sheep are being shorn just as usual, and that the Government is often fleeced as well as the public.

We do not use headlines that can't be justified. We know a lot about ramps because we have specialised in investigating them and exposing them.

Many of them have failed because of us. We hope to smash another of them to-day.

A ramp, be it noted, is not a swindle; it's a "squeeze." It isn't like stealing pennies out of a blind man's hat; it is more like charging hire for the rope that you fling to a drowning man.

In short, it is profiteering run rampant. Some men got knighthoods for it after the last war, but you can't "crash" the gates of Paradise simply because you have a handle—to your name.

The latest ramp brought to our attention is an attempt to force homeless people—bomb victims, soldiers' wives, evacuees, and so on—to pay increased prices for the storage of their furniture.

We hear of firms giving their customers notice either to remove their goods and chattels or accept an increase in charges.

These firms must be aware that removal prices have soared, and this is another ramp that is going strong.

If you want instances, we have them. Thus: recent lowest quotation for removing furniture from six rooms one hundred miles was £30. Two years ago the same job was done for £8.

* * *

AGAIN: one poor woman wanted to move her bits and pieces from three rooms to a new home thirty-five miles distant. The best quotation she could obtain was £12 10s. She couldn't possibly afford that, but was lucky enough to find a local tradesman who did the removal for her one Sunday for £2 15s.

Perhaps that tradesman was only a good Samaritan, not a good business man.

But, to come back to the new storage ramp, do you now see our point about the rope and the drowning man?

Stored furniture can't be removed except at a ruinous cost. Thus, what card players know as "the squeeze position" is duly established. Customers, drowning in a sea of misfortune, are not obliged to pay the extra charge.

Oh, dear, no! They are perfectly free to drown, or, in other words, to remove their furniture.

JOHN BULL calls the Government's attention to this choice example of business "squeeze play."

We urge it to take immediate action. It has all the necessary powers. If it will but use them, it can make *this* "the ramp that failed."

Similarly, the Minister of Transport could end the removal ramp forthwith by fixing maximum time or mileage rates.

We cannot imagine why he doesn't do so.

* * *

FOODSTUFFS that are neither rationed nor price-controlled have supplied opportunities, since this war started, to many keen business men—the miserable skunks!

Onions and leeks both have a pungent odour, and the prices that have been charged for them still leave a stink in the public nostrils.

When onions were controlled at 4½d., after touching 1s. a pound, there were suddenly no more to be had. A few days later, 5d. each was being asked for leeks in Cardiff market!

What had Lord Woolton, the Food Minister, to say about this strange phenomenon? He said: **"Treat the leek with respect: don't let it fall into the hands of profiteers!"**

In a recent interview he added: "It is quite wrong that people should be asked to pay these high prices. I can, of course, issue maximum price control orders, but, if I do, I get difficulties in distribution. Supplies don't get to the markets where they are most needed."

Coming from the one man whose job it is to ensure food supplies and keep prices down, JOHN BULL regards that as a pathetic admission.

As for Lord Woolton's further suggestion that housewives have the remedy in their own hands and that prices will come tumbling down if they refuse to buy from the profiteers, we can only retort that those who buy nothing certainly won't be cheated, but we can't see why the devil they should have to go without.

Besides, we don't think the average greengrocer is to blame. We say that this ramp and all the other food ramps *usually* start before they reach the shops. The "squeeze" takes place somewhere between the producer and the retailer. Dealers, speculators and middlemen are grabbing the loot.

JOHN BULL urges Lord Woolton to go for these get-rich-quick bandits with all the powers he can use. Let him strip them of their spoils and clap a few of them into jail as an example to the others.

He must not rely too much upon the local food committees under the Prices of Goods Act.

Many of them are doing their best to protect the public. They are watching prices, and within a period of eight months they investigated some 3,000 complaints of profiteering.

Only thirty-seven prosecutions were recommended!

In any case, these local committees have no power to act where the complaints concern articles of food for which no maximum prices have been fixed. Of such complaints, 735 were investigated, apparently without practical results.

If the Food Ministry is really "all out" to stop profiteering, then it must somehow arrange for the swift prosecution of suspects, to be followed, upon conviction, by stiff prison sentences.

Ramps are never broken by little fines, and rogues don't give a damn for warnings.

We lack space even to list all the ramps that have flourished since the war began, but millions of victims will remember with bitterness how they were "stung" for black-out material; "swindled" in the price of torches, since controlled; "fleeced" for air-raid shelter materials; and "diddled" out of their money in buying almost anything that had become scarce.

* * *

TINNED tomatoes recently rose nearly 300 per cent. The Italian variety, which *must* have been imported before Italy intervened, were selling at 6s. 1d. a dozen tins, and they shot up to 17s., so somebody did very nicely out of that little racket, and we hope it chokes him.

And there were hard dealings in soft fruit.

It wasn't the growers' fault. They were selling plums in season at 1s. a "pot" of 72 lb.

One poor fellow sent five pots to Birmingham when plums couldn't be bought at any reasonable price in the shops, and all he got out of that transaction was a *debit* note for 2s. 3d. carriage!

From all of these things it is obvious that the dirty game of beggar-my-neighbour is going on now almost as merrily as it did in the last war.

Unfortunately it is not only "the keen business men" who are playing it.

There are—let's face it—a great many ordinary folk who do not hesitate to "squeeze" their less-fortunate neighbours.

Hence the scandalous ramp in the letting of furnished rooms, which is being practised all over the country at the expense of refugees and Service men and their families.

In the safe Lake District one billeting officer recently spent ten days trying to house 150 children. Why? Because he found that local residents were charging from £2 to £4 a week for any kind of single room.

And the wife of an R.A.F. fighter pilot, after spending a day begging for rooms from door to door in another "safety area," was finally offered one room at £2 a week in a workman's dwelling, for which the total rent was probably 7s. 6d.!

How much longer is this country to put up with this sort of thing? How much longer must we wait for the Government to stop it?

It can be stopped. Parliament has voted all the necessary powers, and we demand that they be used—"without fear or favour"—to drive the profiteers out of business and to make each fresh ramp merely another "ramp that failed."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

In ordinary times there may be some excuse for slacking.

To be deliberately lazy every now and again may not be such a bad thing.

To put off something that should be done may not be such a terrible crime, even though it never does anyone the least good.

We can all afford to be quite "human" every now and again!

But these are not ordinary times.

There cannot be any excuse at all for being anything but keyed to the highest pitch of efficiency, no matter what the job may be, whether it is in public or in private service, whether it is inside or outside the home.

Instead of making "Don't you know there's a war on?" an excuse for slackness, we should make it a reason for extra energy, extra concentration, extra gearing of every part of our machinery.

These days make an extra call on our physical and mental resources.

It is our duty to ourselves, no less than to the nation, to keep those resources fighting fit.

"Don't you know there's a war on?" should be our slogan—not our alibi!

OPEN LETTERS

Silent Service had too little to say to Hero's Widow : Class-conscious Questions for would-be Recruits : No Tea for the Firemen

The Right Honourable DUFF COOPER
Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—Don't let's argue about the whys and wherefores of censorship. An old war correspondent, I know how difficult Service Chiefs can be when they are afraid of "giving something away." And I know how essential it is that vital secrets should not be divulged. But you can't go on hiding the obvious.

You can't go on concealing R.A.F. photographs of Italian defeats until they are too old to do any good. Remember, you're in that chair to help with the war effort, not to prevent our talking about it.

We have to listen to German news broadcasts to discover the names of bombed towns in the Midlands and in the West. My American colleagues laugh at me for being a starved news hound. Yet you try to hamstring their valuable propaganda. If you have been overruled, have it out with your Cabinet colleagues. They know the value of the right kind of publicity.
—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir CHARLES LITTLE,
Chief of Naval Personnel

DEAR ADMIRAL,—A naval reservist, recalled to the Colours, and engaged on the removal of enemy bombs, was killed one day and buried the next. His wife was not informed until later.

Given permission to visit his grave, she was told that a car would meet her at the station. It didn't, and she had to cab to the barracks.

There she was given directions about the situation of her husband's grave that proved wrong, and she went back from the cemetery to the barracks.

An office had to be broken into before plans could be found and she could be told where to find the grave. Now, after a month, she is still waiting for her husband's effects to be sent to her.

It is no compensation for such bungling to be told that he died while doing a courageous deed. As she says: *"They are very quick to stop part of my allowance."*

You will be as quick, I hope, to see that she gets the consideration she deserves.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LAUGHTON MATHEWS,
Director, W.R.N.S.

DEAR MADAM,—Some of your commandants seem to have as poor a sense of justice as the Gestapo.

A Wren, with fourteen years' clean driving record, was involved in a road accident. She was at once suspended from duty.

At court, she was not legally represented.

Although the charge of dangerous driving was dismissed, she was not reinstated in her job.

Dissatisfied with a promise that it might be given back to her in three months' time, she wrote to your headquarters.

Now, she alleges, her officer reprimanded her. Anyhow, her place has been filled.

A curious story that I'm sure you will investigate.
—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR of RECRUITING,
Royal Air Force

DEAR SIR,—Although you spend so much money on advertising for recruits, do you really want them?

A tailor, with his own business, volunteered for the balloon barrage. Your advertisements appeal for men who can drive or sew; this man can do both.

He has been turned down because his father, though a naturalised British citizen, was born in Poland. Yet Prince von Stahremberg, once an open friend of Hitler, easily obtained a commission.

Another reader, volunteering in 1938, was declared "too old" at twenty-eight. Trying again, he was told that he was in a reserved occupation.

But the Army has been glad to accept him.

A business man, seeking a commission in the equipment section, answered a few questions about his experience.

Next came:—

What is your handicap at golf?
Which club do you belong to?
Do you play Rugby?
Do you ride?

Would-be pilots are asked the same class-conscious questions.

They are supposed to discover a candidate's aptitude, but I also know they would have floored many of the best pilots of the last war.

Shake up your selection panels, and you'll get all the good men you want!—JOHN BULL.

Colonel W. H. CARVER, M.P.,
Conservative Club, London, S.W.

DEAR COLONEL,—Cheer up, for Hitler's "counter blockade" has more holes than a colander.

So I'm glad the Minister of Food has not taken your tip about the use of horseflesh.

We have ample meat stocks in the country, and the Navy is daily escorting fresh convoys here.

Butchers say that customers are buying only 70 per cent. of the mutton and beef available.

No, there'll be no siege of Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ADAIR HORE,
Secretary, Ministry of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Because a disabled airman had been refused a pension, I sent his case to Miss Ellen Wilkinson on July 18. She answered the following day, assuring me that enquiries would be made.

Unfortunately, she left the Ministry. Now, after four months, you tell me that your enquiries are still going on.

I presume they are being made by drowsy dormice.
—JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH COUNCIL,
Edmonton

GENTLEMEN,—Your regular firemen have "stood by" for hundreds of alert warnings, often bicycling two miles from their homes to the station three or four times a night.

Asked to supply a cup of tea to them, you plead that the cost would be too great. Besides, you might have to supply tea for all the A.R.P. once you started!

Well, why not?

Other districts are not so mean to those who serve them loyally.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT **BY PALLAS**

The Promise of Spring

DINNER was nearly over when the sirens wailed. Later, in the shelter, we heard the drone of raiding bombers.

The barrage burst into life—a barrage which for medley of gunfire and variety of shell explosions told us that our A.A. defences were giving Jerry all they knew.

The guns ceased for a minute or two.

Outside the shelter we heard a faint sigh, as though a drowsy giant were awakening.

That sigh was a welcome sound.

It heralded the coming of the West Wind, magnificent, sweeping overlord of the skies.

The air filled with noise. Shrill, piercing whines followed the boom of blasts that drowned the sound of gunfire.

* * *

A year ago I would have laid awake in bed cursing the fury of the gale.

I would have wondered what damage was being done to my fences; how many of my rose bushes would stand up to the blast; and whether the driving rain would find that weak spot in the south-west wall of the house.

But the other night I welcomed the roaring clamour of the West Wind.

Its unleashed power, sweeping unchecked across hundreds of miles of land and sea, was a thing of beauty, of peace, of rest.

So does the new Winter's Tale run.

There is nothing unkind in the wintry wind, except to those hardy men of the sea who bring to us the sinews of war.

Gale, sleet, fog, snow, driving rain bring to us that respite so welcome after nights and weeks of bombing.

To all of us, especially those who are working their hardest in the munition factories, a few hours of untroubled sleep are a medicine worth all the bottles in the world.

* * *

The weather has been kind to Hitler in the development of his plans.

When winter comes it will help the spread of unrest among the cold and hungry people he has conquered.

The weather to-day is a topic of moment.

We look at the night sky and wonder whether later hours will bring star-lit softness or blankets of black, scudding clouds.

Soon the days will begin to lengthen, and in the air will come the promise of Spring.

No Spring will be more welcome than the Spring of 1941.

With the growing day supremacy of the R.A.F. and the longer hours of light, Britain will see the dawn not only of new life in field and garden, but the first promise of that victory on which we have set our hearts so steadfastly.

In the Spring the young man's fancy will turn to thoughts not so much of love, but of the smashing of the Nazi war machine.

In the Spring the enslaved races of Europe will look to Britain with fresh hope.

In the Spring the Atlantic Ocean will be a gigantic ferry.

On its waterway will be coming to this country a flow of munitions, aircraft, pilots, without precedent in maritime history.

In the Spring, Britain will be the most formidable nation in the world—a nation of young—and not so young—resolute men, ready to attack by land, sea, and air.

In the Spring we will breathe more fresh air, fortify ourselves for the good fight, and leave behind the autumn and winter which gave birth to the phrase: *"Britain Can Take It."*

In the Spring the slogan I hope will, more than ever, be "Britain Can *Give* It"

* * *

Those were the thoughts that raced through my mind as I listened the other night to the music of the West Wind.

It brought to me, as it brought to Shelley, the promise of days of soft rain, of warm sunshine, of bursting buds, and of vigorous, young life.

It brought more. It brought a vision of a new and mighty army, inspired by ideals of liberty and justice, sweeping forward, unchecked and triumphant, to a shining goal, much as the wind was striding over the countryside in its cleansing march.

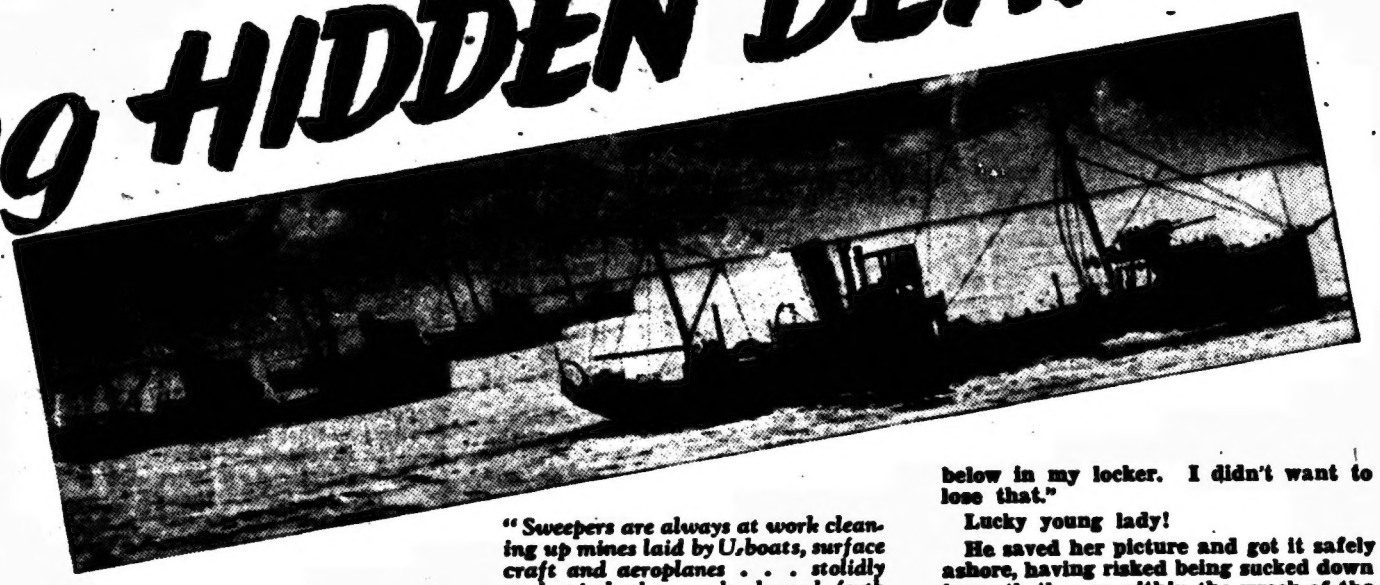
"Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king," sang the poet.

That was in pre-Nazi days.

I can't see the Spring of 1941 bringing anything pleasant to Hitler.

★ Much has happened to the Red Duster since Commodore G. Pursey Phillips was an apprentice aboard the "Cutty Sark." Dodging mines is not the least of the war time seamen's troubles, says he

Baiting HIDDEN DEATH



"Sweepers are always at work cleaning up mines laid by U-boats, surface craft and aeroplanes . . . stolidly and quietly they go back and forth gathering the harvest of death"

OUR old hooker is pounding up the Channel.

The first mate is busy on the bridge, looking into the new day, wishing the steward would bring up another cup of tea, hot, strong and sweet.

Waves, lifted high by the rising wind, are burnished like copper as the sun rises from the sea to flood the world with light.

And then, out of the mist comes the lean, grey shape of a British warship. She's in a hurry.

In no time she runs up a signal warning us that mines have been laid in the Channel.

They may be magnetic mines, each containing enough high explosive to blow the bottom out of a ship.

They may be the old horned horrors of the last war that explode on contact.

Here come the aircraft of the Coastal Command—flown by crack pilots for a special job.

They roar up and down, spotting the mines.

Patiently Hovering

Infinitely far up in the blue a squadron of Spitfires hovers patiently just in case Goering sends over some dive-bombers to take advantage of us.

We stand by, with gun-crews at their posts, and the Spitfires poised like dots on the blue of the sky. No dive-bombers keep the appointment.

The aircraft turn landwards.

Their task is done.

One of them sweeps low. The pilot waves and is gone.

But the minefield is not yet clear.

Mine-sweepers have appeared.

Some of that amazing fleet of trawlers, pleasure-yachts, paddle-steamers, tugs, drifters and motor-boats.

Crews are as oddly assorted as the boats.

Fishermen from all round the coasts, pacifists from city desks, retired naval and merchant service sailors who thought they had swallowed the anchor.

All of them competent, steady and cheery and on top of their work.

Regularly swept channels are kept clear of mines along some of the coasts of England. Outside these channels the seas are sown with death, as Hitler's invading armies will discover one day, if they ever get as far as putting to sea.

Sweepers are always at work, cleaning up mines laid by U-boats, surface craft and aeroplanes.

When you pay a silent tribute to Spitfire pilots remember these other silent men, doing a life-saving job without any publicity.

They keep the seas free in the foulest weather and, despite pitiless attack from German airmen, enable us to run our cargoes safely in and out.

As the day wears on the lovely morning grows overcast, and the fresh wind hardens into something like a blizzard.

Our ships jump at their anchors.

Rain drums across the water; leaden cloud sweeps past overhead; waves curling against the bows send curtains of stinging spray masthead high.

Still, stolidly and quietly, the mine-sweepers go back and forth, gathering in the harvest of death.

Sturdy little ships heel over at all sorts of angles.

Even though well handled, the great seas batter at them, and everyone knows that any moment may send a German mine crashing against an iron side.

Then there will be a fountain of flame, and the stricken stagger of a ship mortally hurt. . . .

Hitler reckons his Storm Troopers are tough.

Well, pick me a crew of them that would face *this* task. Not goose-stepping along the streets of some cowed little Neutral capital, with machine-guns sticking out from armoured lorries in front and behind, but waltzing about a furious ocean in a crazy little boat, calmly fishing up mines, some of which are 700 lb. of concentrated death.

These quiet fishermen *are* tough, and until the Fuehrer can find something to match them, he had better keep his invasion barges where Napoleon kept *his*!

At last the mine-sweepers packed up and the convoy was told to get under way again.

Our course took us close to a biggish trawler standing a couple of points to starboard.

We moved heavily along through the big waves, and just as we were so near alongside that I could have tossed a biscuit on to her deck, there was an overwhelming explosion.

Almost Cut in Half

A great mountain of foamy water, streaked with debris, tore up into the air; a spout of flames leapt up in the midst of it, and my ship shuddered and rang from stem to stern.

When at last the smoke and the foaming water had subsided the mine-sweeper was almost cut in half.

The foredeck was a mess of twisted metal and splintered boards; her bows were crumpled.

She was already sinking by the head, and she looked ready to take her last plunge at any moment.

Some of her people had been blown into the water, and were swimming away to avoid being sucked down into the whirlpool she would make.

Some of them must have been killed. Men die like that every week.

It must have been a solitary mine that had escaped the general sweep; if the trawler had not bumped into it, then we should certainly have done so.

Our escort ships proceeded remorselessly on their course, and we had to go on with them.

But the warship was already lowering away boats.

A big piece of wood from the smashed trawler was found afterwards sticking upright in our deck.

Later I was told by an officer who went to the rescue that a seaman who survived the explosion was seen running along the cracked and gaping foredeck of the trawler.

When other men were tumbling on deck from below he dived down into the interior of the doomed vessel, well aware that she might at any moment pitch downwards to her doom.

He was asked why he had done such a foolhardy thing.

"Well, you see, sir," he said, reddening, "I had a picture of my young lady down below in my locker. I didn't want to lose that."

Lucky young lady!

He saved her picture and got it safely ashore, having risked being sucked down beneath the sea within the wreck of the smashed trawler, for the sake of a pretty face on a bit of cardboard.

Good luck to them both.

But I can't imagine an S.S. man doing that. Can you?

Our convoy stands on its course again.

The weather is filthy. It's sou'westers and oilskins to the fore, and many a covetous thought of steaming coffee in the chartroom when the long trick is over.

Lumbering Shape

It's peering forward through the pitchy, jumping blackness.

Change of course.

Sudden order to the helmsman to put her hard aport to avoid a great, dim shape lumbering up out of the darkness with dimmed lights almost invisible.

Salt spray on the dips and in the eyes.

Seaboots clinging to the rolling deck, and the old Red Duster still flying, though hail, hell and Hitler try to shift it off the seas.

Bringing the ship home—a cargo of food for the cities.

The food the Nazis said they would never let us bring.

MR. WHITE HUSTLES

SIX hundred New York women sat down in front of their telephones one morning not long ago. Each took a page of the telephone directory and methodically called every number on the sheet.

They spent hundreds of pounds talking to thousands of people.

To each subscriber they said, "Do you believe in giving all aid to Britain and her Allies?"

Eighty per cent. of the people answered, "Yes."

This was no pointless stunt.

It was the latest activity of the "William Allen White Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies."

Among Britain's best friends abroad it has already given expression to the ordinary American's wishes.

* * *

Head of this organisation is William Allen White, seventy-two-year-old editor-proprietor of the *Emporia Gazette*, a small-town Middle West newspaper.

For years his editorials in this little newspaper have been quoted all over the United States.

Huge offers from New York newspapers did not tempt the white-haired Sage of the Middle West.

But the collapse of France caused him to send sixty telegrams to well-known Americans who might support his demand for help for the Allies.

Ten days later (though Isolation was still strong) one hundred and fifty had joined his new Committee.

Now a hundred thousand voluntary workers are helping White. There are seven hundred local branches of his Committee.

* * *

Every State has been plastered with posters, pamphlets and handbills.

Three million signatures have been collected for a petition urging further aid.

Full-page advertisements have appeared in the foremost newspapers.

Holding no office, representing no political or industrial interests, White represents the will of ordinary men in the States.

He admits that the Committee aims primarily at defending the United States by helping Britain.

"We have no fear of a British victory," says the little Mid-Westerner, "but the people of the U.S.A. may well stand in terror of a German victory."

America realises his wisdom and helps the little old man thrash Hitler.

I Saw for Myself

You Mustn't Call Sally a Heroine

By Maurice Fagence

YOU may have heard on the radio what "the Sallies"—as the Salvation Army lassies are so often known—did at Coventry.

When dawn broke on a stricken city bereft of public services, a procession of Salvationist mobile kitchens tore into the city—the first practical message of love received from the outside world by a people who had endured hours of unbelievable torture.

Does "love" appear to be the wrong word?

What Christ would have done if He had been there—that, to the pale, poke-bonneted girl of the Salvation Army, represents love.

Those kitchens had been rallied from all over England in the dark hours of a dreadful night. I daren't tell the police what speeds they achieved that night. Coventry's own Salvationists, as bomb-stunned as everybody else, crowded round them eager to help.

I can tell you that there are hard-bitten critics of "the Army" in Coventry who now bless its name. Need I say more?

Now, it isn't easy for a journalist to pay tributes to the Salvation Army.

"The Army" doesn't invite tributes.

Politely, it will give you all the facilities you want to make your enquiries. And then, if you care to go away and write a scathing attack on it, it will still call you brother, and help you again when next you call.

And "the Army" doesn't believe in making heroes and heroines. A grave handicap to a journalist this.

I unearthed the story of a little working girl—a girl in her 'teens—who persuaded the Underground Railway to permit her to wander about its system at night with a box of first-aid requisites bought out of her own money.

She bandaged here; she administered sal volatile there.

And then, one night there was a direct hit on a crowded pub, opposite one of the Tube stations.

I don't know how many dead there were, but there were sixty injured.

And when the regular ambulance workers arrived, there was that little Salvationist, cleaning and bandaging to right and left, with the bombers still overhead, the bombs still dropping.

I don't know her name, any more than you.

I don't know what she looks like.

"No heroes, no heroines," says the Army.

I am sure that the true story of that girl's bravery is ten times more wonderful than I can set it down here.

The Salvation Army says that if she had done anything different she would have failed in her duty!

Let us look at a few of the people who "merely did their duty."

Soldiers of the last war will remember the jokes about the Salvation Army cups of tea—the cups that never, never knew a dash of rum in them.

When the full force of the bombing burst on London, and the Auxiliary Fire Service were fighting day and night to extinguish the worst blaze since the Great Fire of London, Salvationist workers took their mobile canteens down to the hell that was once Dockland to run equal risks with those heroic fire-fighters.

They were there before anyone else, as they were in Coventry.

No need to quote adages to you to tell you what that means in such days as these.

HUMBLE Salvationist workers haunt the bomb-racked streets of London at night to see whom they can help.

Would you believe it possible that they find women just a few days removed from motherhood wandering like lost souls through those streets?

I have looked at the records of the Army's maternity service. Of the many instances of women whisked from sheer hell to cool, clean sheets and the joy of having their first-born placed in their arms in a home where there is love, comfort and safety, I will select one.

They found a young girl in a state of collapse—in the street, during an air raid.

Why hadn't she come to them?

She explained that she was ashamed, because she was dirty. She had been living in shelters for weeks, without having her clothes off.

She had no home.

It had been bombed and officially condemned.

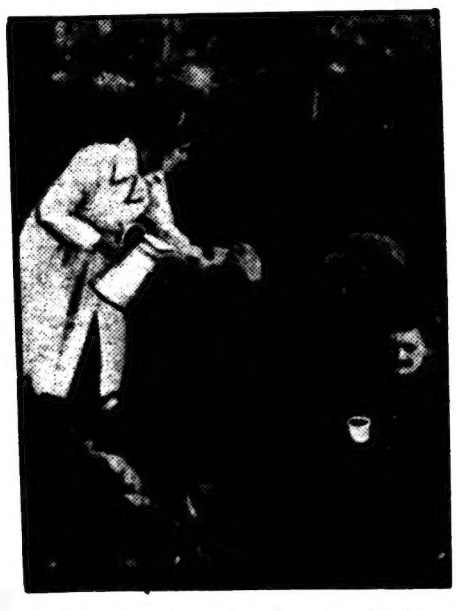
She had a husband. He was in the Army. He had been ordered abroad. For that reason she hadn't had a letter from him for weeks. And of other relations she had none.

I know it sounds like a dreadful indictment of the local officials, but it isn't. She approached nobody.

She had just hovered round the wreck of her home like some dumb animal round its burnt-out lair—until sheer collapse brought her to the attention of the Army.

They dressed her in nice, clean night attire.

They fed her.



Salvation Army lass hands refreshing tea to members of a demolition squad, who worked for sixty hours to rescue a sixty-year-old man buried alive in the debris of his London home by a bomb burst

They put her between cool, clean sheets, in a place of safety.

She slept the whole of the next day, and was still asleep when these facts were obtained.

One day—perhaps in the next week—her baby will be handed to her.

THE activities of "the Army" are so varied, so manifold.

A thousand blankets were wanted for five hundred bomb victims rushed to a cinema. They were supplied in a matter of hours.

Women and children from a danger area are evacuated to the country. Salvationists are there ahead of them, waiting to help.

Clothes were—and are—wanted.

They are pouring in from Salvationists all over the world.

Hell breaks loose in some new district of London. Through the flames of hell arrive the mobile canteens—with steam up!

No heroes, no heroines. . . .

The reason? Old General Booth laid it down: *"The duty of a Salvationist is to meet a need wherever it arises."*

So to-day his followers often risk death and feel that they do no more than humbly follow his bidding.

The old founder said, too, that it was ridiculous to preach religion to anyone whose feet were cold and stomach empty.

So "the Army" rushed its mobile canteens to Coventry first, and then preached the gospel in that joyous, clamorous way peculiar to it.

America's "Public Spy-Buster No. 1" has sworn to defeat the Million Saboteurs Plan of Hitler's Secret World Government

U.S. FACES PROBLEM OF SPIES' NETWORK

BEHIND the Dies Report—that sensational exposure of Nazi spies in the United States—lies an even greater account of intrigue and treachery.

It is contained in the dossiers of the American counter-espionage service, to which the most astute G-men have been seconded.

And its main feature is sabotage—the most ruthless campaign of destruction ever imagined by descendants of the plundering Huns.

There are thirty million people of German blood now living in the United States. Germany is determined to enlist one million and possibly two million of them as Nazi agents.

If it becomes clear that the U.S.A. is prepared to fight, these saboteurs will carry out a country-wide campaign of terrorism and destruction, intimidation and provocation of racial conflicts.

All the sabotage so far perpetrated has been but a "try-out."

Headquarters of the movement are not in America, but in the German Baltic port of Stettin.

Here, in twenty-one buildings, is housed the "A.O.," popular abbreviation of the Foreign Bureau of the National-Socialist Party.

Presiding evil genius is thirty-seven-year-old Bradford-born Ernst Bohle. Though you haven't heard much about him since he skipped from Britain before the war, he is now as powerful as Goering or Himmler.

His mammoth organisation has eight sections, one for each of Germany's "spheres of interest."

Division 6 looks after North America. It controls every German tourist and commercial agency in the U.S.A.—and the German ambassador himself. The closest supervision has to be kept over the agents responsible for enlisting the saboteurs, whose advanced training includes actual experience in terrorism.

They attempt to kidnap American defence officials. They bribe crooks to steal vital documents.

Dynamite is hoarded; mysterious explosions "arranged" in munition and powder factories.

Passes are forged to enable spies to obtain blue-prints of American ships or defence zones.

Agents in every port note American shipping movements. Others organise supply ships for the Nazi raiders that attack British ships.

Meanwhile, two men are busily creating America's counter-espionage organisation.

Martin Dies, Chairman of the U.S. Senate's committee for investigation into un-American activities, is more popularly known as "Spy-Buster Number One."

Second is less well-known Leon Turrou. He brought to justice the German carpenter who kidnapped Lindbergh's baby, and discovered a Nazi spy plot in 1938.

As the workers in every big munition or aircraft factory pass through the gates each morning they are scrutinised by private detectives and police agents.

No one trusts the smartly dressed, quick-witted girls who seek jobs at industrial plants or in the offices of big corporations

Their credentials are carefully checked before they are engaged. Even if they are given a job, detectives continue to watch them in case they associate with Nazi spies.

G.2, the United States Military Intelligence, is matching its wits with those of Colonel Busch, head of the A.O.'s Division 6, whose lieutenant is Colonel Nikolai, notorious spy chief of the last war.

Nikolai is again directing military espionage for the Nazis. But the Fifth Column he has built up in America has had a bad set-back.

A former official of the Gestapo, twenty-three-year-old Heinrich Fassbender, has agreed to give evidence against the Nazi consuls in the U.S.A., who pay for spying and sabotage.

Moreover, G.2 has enabled the police to seize incriminating documents from Nazi organisations in four cities.

These are embarrassing losses for Capt. Fritz Wiedemann, the chief A.O. agent in the United States and former A.D.C. to Hitler.

His efforts to persuade the Isolationists to work actively against Britain have been unsuccessful.

It is doubtful whether his mission will be helped by the arrival of Princess Hohenlohe, Jewish-born friend of Hitler, who was once prominent in London pseudo-Society.

Her visit to New York, ostensibly for the purpose of shopping in Fifth Avenue, is believed by America to be more concerned with the Fifth Column, and the Princess is being cold-shouldered.

Nor does it seem likely that the Nazis will gain much by the arrival in America of Countess Chambrun, Laval's daughter.

For spy-ridden America has become suspicious of foreigners. Though sabotage will probably continue in naval yards and powder works, Martin Dies and Leon Turrou are a promise that the Million Saboteurs Plan of Hitler's A.O. will never be carried out in its entirety.

...has sworn to ...Hitler's Secret

...closest supervision has ...the agents responsible ...the saboteurs, whose ...ning includes actual ...rrorism.

...to kidnap American ...s. They bribe crooks ...cuments.

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...Martin Dies, Chairman ...the U.S. Senate's com... ...estigation into un-Ameri... ...s more popularly known ...Number One."

...well-known Leon Turrou, ...justice the German car... ...napped Lindbergh's baby, ...d a Nazi spy plot in

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Money!

IN this hour of destiny we are fortunate in a leadership that we all joyfully accept. Mr. Churchill's actions and speeches have fused this nation into a unity of purpose and power that assures us victory.

His dominion over the mind of the country is due mainly to the candour and courage with which he has called on it to face the stark realities ahead.

He has won our confidence by his candour, and he has fired our courage with his own.

It is for this reason that I suggest that there is still one service that remains to be done, and that he alone can do.

That service is to mobilise the financial and economic power of the nation for the struggle.

It is not so mobilised at present. We are consuming too much. We are spending too much on ourselves. We are sacrificing too little to the cause.

THE ENEMY IS ON A DRASTIC WAR ECONOMY. WE ARE NOT. THAT FACT IS THE WEAKEST PLACE IN OUR ARMOUR.

Consider the position. We are, with everything, spending at present not less than £11,000,000 a day, or at the rate of £4,000,000,000 a year.

In other words, our war expenditure is equivalent to nearly two-thirds of the total income of the nation.

It will not become less. There is every reason to expect that it will become more.

There are three sources from which this expenditure can alone be met. The first is taxation, direct or indirect.

In both categories the screw has been turned with ever-increasing severity.

Direct taxation stands already at a figure far in excess of the maximum in the last war.

The rich are paying anything up to 17s. 6d. in the £, the well-to-do 10s. in the £, and so on down the scale.

The indirect levies have shot up proportionately. The taxation on non-essentials like beer and tobacco represents more than two-thirds of the price the consumer pays for them.

The new Purchase Tax kills two birds with one stone. It will raise revenue and it will reduce consumption.

But there are limits beyond which taxation ceases to be remunerative, and however the screw is turned, not more than a third of the cost of the war can be obtained from this source.

The second reservoir on which we can draw is our overseas trade.. Every shipload of goods we send abroad helps to pay for the war, just as every shipload of goods we import increases the burden of debt we have to carry.

BUT GALLANTLY AS OUR TRADERS ARE KEEPING THE FLAG OF BRITISH TRADE FLYING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, COMMERCE CAN ONLY MEET A FRACTION OF OUR WAR EXPENDITURE.

THERE REMAINS A YAWNING GULF BETWEEN WHAT IS COMING IN AND WHAT IS GOING OUT THAT CAN ONLY BE BRIDGED BY BORROWING.

There are only two sources from which we can borrow—at home and abroad.

One of these sources is at present closed to us. It is closed to us by the fact that the United States of America, the great money power of the world, has buttoned its pockets against us. It will not lend.

In the Great War that was not so. We borrowed from the United States, not for ourselves, but for our allies, Russia, Italy, France, to whom we lent far more than we received from America.

Now, although America admits that we are fighting her battle, and that the British Fleet is her first line of defence, Wall Street is not permitted to help us.

We are spending £500,000,000 in America on war material, and we have to pay for it in dollar values raised out of our liquid resources.

If we cannot pay on the nail in cash we cannot have the munitions with which we are saving America as well as ourselves.

This situation may change. I think it will. But the fact is that at present our only source of financing the war is ourselves.

We have to find the munitions, the ships, the 'planes, the guns, the food, the clothing, everything that is needed, not only by ourselves, but by Czechs and Poles, Norwegians and Dutch, Free French and (largely) Greeks.

We have to fill up that vast gap of £1,600,000,000 between what our taxation and trade will produce and what the war is costing each year on the present scale.

How is it to be done? How are we to keep at bay the dread spectre of inflation that haunts every instructed mind? For inflation is the fatal slope to universal bankruptcy. And that is not the way to victory.

THAT it can be done is beyond doubt, if we resolve to do it. We have still immense resources.

WE ARE THE ONLY RICH COUNTRY IN EUROPE—NEXT TO THE UNITED STATES, THE RICHEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

We have taxed ourselves to the half of our income. We have floated vast loans. We have raised, on a voluntary basis, nearly £500,000,000 since the war began.

We have contributed many more millions to Red Cross funds, raid relief work and Spitfire and war weapons funds.

We have done all this, and it is still true that our resources have only been skimmed. Apart from the personal sorrows, inconveniences and miseries incident to the war, it cannot be said that the conditions in which we live are substantially below those of normal times.

Our standard of living has not been lowered for the mass of the people. The rich are less rich. The professional classes have suffered. Many of the shopkeepers, especially in London, have been badly hit.

But taking the nation as a whole, we are not worse off. In many respects we are better off. Wages are higher. There is less unemployment.

This does not mean that war is a good thing industrially. It is a ruinous thing. We are living on our fat—on the accumulation of peace. But the point is that we have the fat to live on in the fierce ordeal of war.

IT MEANS TOO—AND THIS IS WHAT I HAVE IN MIND—THAT WE ARE NOT ON A WAR FOOTING. WE HAVE NOT YET BRACED OURSELVES FOR THE IMMENSE TASK BEFORE US.

For seven years the whole might of Germany has been mobilised for this terrific assault on civilisation. The nation has been enslaved to this end.

Every conquered people has been enslaved to help to feed the furnace. All liberty has perished. All private rights have vanished. All industry has been subordinated to destruction. All property has gone into the maw of the War Machine.

AGAINST this maniacal frenzy we have yet to mobilise the latent powers of freedom.

We have greater unexploited resources than the enemy, and we must show that free men can put themselves on a war footing more formidable than that imposed on slaves.

THE GAP BETWEEN OUR INCOME AND OUR WAR EXPENDITURE MUST BE BRIDGED BY MORE DRASTIC SACRIFICES. THERE MUST BE A VASTLY GREATER TRANSFER OF THE NATIONAL INCOME FROM PRIVATE CONSUMPTION TO THE PURPOSES OF THE WAR.

Whether this transfer is effected by a large extension of rationing or by the adoption of Mr. Keynes' idea of deferred payments or by both expedients is a matter for expert judgment.

But the transfer must be accomplished and accomplished without delay if the war is to be financed and inflation avoided.

Nor must there be further hesitation about the dilution of labour. Our productive power has been and still is far below what it should be and what the nation has a right to expect.

Read between the lines of Mr. Greenwood's recent *apologia* on the subject in the House of Commons.

Or take the case of agriculture. We are allowing private interest here gravely to prejudice the national interest in a vital field of the war effort.

War economy requires that agriculture shall produce what the nation urgently needs, not what the agriculturist finds it most profitable to grow.

In these and other matters compulsion must be enforced where voluntaryism has failed. I see it suggested in some quarters that the public would not submit. I do not agree.

I AM SATISFIED THAT IF MR. CHURCHILL, WITH THE VAST AUTHORITY HE NOW WIELDS, WOULD PUT BEFORE THE NATION A WELL-CONSIDERED SCHEME FOR ESTABLISHING US ON A WAR FOOTING IT WOULD GRIN AND BEAR IT.

The nation has only one goal before it. It wants to win the war.

It will accept any sacrifices that are necessary to save liberty and to destroy the monstrous barbarism that threatens its existence.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

YOU PAY £25,000 FOR THIS!

EVERY effort is now being made to explain why there has been so much delay in the production of the Government-sponsored film "49th Parallel," which was to illustrate Canada's great part in the Empire war effort.

But nothing can excuse the confusion in the Films Division of the Ministry of Information revealed by these official statements.

Publicity trumpets sounded loudly when the Ministry granted £25,000 of public money as its contribution to the cost of producing the "49th Parallel."

Then Miss Elisabeth Bergner appeared on the scene.

With a fanfare of trumpets it was announced that she had begged leave to break off her commitments with a British film studio, where she was starring in a film to be called "Rings on Her Fingers," so that she might go to Canada to participate in this patriotic venture.

She was given an exit permit by the Foreign Office, and allowed to take funds out of the country.

With a roll of drums to add to the din of publicity, the production chief for the "49th Parallel" left England in July with a crew of technicians.

Arrangements were made to turn a cluster of British stars loose, with reinforcements from Hollywood, in the magnificent natural sets of the Dominion.

Weeks later La Bergner appeared in Hollywood. She was no longer the star of "49th Parallel," she announced, when discussing her plans.

"I have not spoken a word in the picture while on location in Canada," said she. "I haven't seen a line of script. So what acting could I do?"

After being asked to do only one or two weeks' work on the film, she added, months had slipped away without her doing a thing.

When eventually she had been asked to return to Britain to finish the film in a studio here, she had refused.

Sir Kenneth Clark, head of the Ministry of Information's Film Division, visits a studio to watch the making of a film. How much has he seen of the "49th Parallel?"

She now had other contracts to fulfil.

And she had gone to Hollywood thoroughly depressed at the outcome of her patriotic gesture.

While she languished in despair in the "49th Parallel," the production chief, now back in Britain, announced that the leading part in his "hush-hush" propaganda film would be played by seventeen-year-old Glynis Johns, a Pretoria girl, who lives with her parents on the outskirts of London.

"We talked about everything but the film," she said to a newspaper man. "I was longing to know about it, but he wouldn't discuss it much."

NEXT we hear that Lawrence Olivier, coming to Britain to join the Army, would play the specially written part of a Canadian trapper.

He would leave Hollywood just before Christmas.

No sooner had these changes been announced than the Production Chief made a statement.

"This is not a Ministry of Information film," he said, "but the Ministry has given financial help."

He explained that he was employed by the "Ortus Film Company."

He emphasised the difficulties that had to be overcome by his technicians and actors; said he had travelled 20,000 miles in search of material and crossed the Atlantic four times. He was now in possession of a first-class story, which was to be completed at Denham. It would be the big film of the Spring.

He refused to answer questions about the financial side of the production.

HE didn't know yet how much the film would cost; he wouldn't give details of how the Ministry's £25,000 had been spent. He asked only that he should be permitted to submit his budget later on.

"I will make a full financial statement then," he added.

No effort has been made to explain why the Ministry of Information has ignored the big film companies that had produced such successful propaganda films as "Contraband," "For Freedom," "Night Train to Munich" and "Convoy" when looking for a company to whom it could give £25,000.

The "Ortus Film Company" was registered only last March, with a capital of £100. Examination of the company's file shows only two £1 shares have been paid.

The Films Division of the Ministry of Information has a disturbing record.

And it is not surprising that a Select Committee on National Expenditure has viewed some aspects of its working with "the gravest misgivings."

Having decided that it could best serve the nation by producing documentary films with a screening time of only five minutes, it planned to produce twenty-eight films in ten months.

Of these, seventeen were abandoned and six never saw the inside of a cutting-room because they were out of date before the camera work was finished.

The majority of the people who paid for them and for whom they were made have never even heard of them.

The Vanishing Collector

PREYING on man's inhumanity to man seems a mean way of making a living, yet nothing seems too low for the small fry of the underworld now busy with A.R.P. frauds, and the like.

Posing as an A.R.P. warden, one of these rogues has been making quite a good thing out of touring the poorer districts of several provincial towns collecting money at each as a contribution to an official stirrup pump, to be shared by ten neighbours.

He takes the money, then vanishes to pastures new.

There is no need for me to add that you should make sure that such callers are genuine before you part with your money.

ANOTHER sly pretender is touring the country robbing relatives of men in the Services.

In some mysterious way he discovers the names and addresses of men who are either prisoners of war or are in the sick bay.

Then a wife or mother receives a telegram, supposed to come from the soldier, asking for "fare home" to be telegraphed to a general post office, probably two hundred miles away.

The rogue waits for the money to arrive, then moves on to another city and another name.

But the police are catching up on him.

YET another war time racket is being worked successfully by a woman, who pretends that she has just made a dramatic dash across the country to see her injured airman husband.

Using such assumed surnames as "Wilson, Watson, Bird and Barrett," she chooses a town near a flying field, and then complains loudly that she has lost her handbag, which contains her money, a return ticket and suchlike.

She stages a scene where it will do most good, and usually ends up with money for a night's lodging and her return trip.

Her mythical husband has been "injured" so many times now that she is doing nicely, thank you. But the police are close on her heels.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MY public benefactor's guinea award goes this week to Mrs. A. Chamberlain, of Chesterfield Road, Finchley, London, who provided me with details of a mean fraud on children. Enquiries are being made.

If you hear of a scandal that needs investigating, write to me personally, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Soldiers' Hosts Lose Money

WITH the cost of living at its present height, housewives are having the greatest difficulty in feeding soldiers adequately on the 2s. 7d. a day allowed by the War Office.

For this reason there is growing discontent among housewives on whom soldiers are billeted. They cannot supplement the meagre billeting allowance from their own domestic funds.

Yet they are not inclined to let their soldier guests go short of food.

"At first I could just about manage to make ends meet with the billeting allowance," said a housewife to a JOHN BULL man who called on women who were sheltering soldiers. "I now find that I am as much as 10s. out of pocket every week-end," she added. "Yet the men can't go hungry."

She billeted three men.

Official Meals

Meantime, Mr. Rostron Duckworth, M.P., and Mr. Dobbie, M.P., are urging the Secretary for War to make a change.

Allowances paid by the Army for meals are:

Breakfast, 9d.; dinner, 1s. 2d.; tea, 3d.; supper, 5d.

Officially, these meals should comprise:

Breakfast: 5 *oz. bread,* 1 *oz. butter, one pint of tea with milk and sugar,* 4 *oz. bacon,* 1 *oz. marmalade.*

Dinner: 10 *oz. meat,* 3 *oz. bread,* 10 *oz. potatoes,* 8 *oz. other vegetables,* 4 *oz. pudding.*

Tea: 4 *oz. bread,* ½ *oz. margarine, one pint of tea,* 2 *oz. jam.*

Supper: 3 *oz. bread, one pint of tea,* 4 *oz. meat.*

Careful Housewife

"I am a careful and experienced housewife," writes one woman.

"Through trying to feed my soldiers well, I find myself out of pocket by the end of the week.

"How can anyone provide a decent tea for 3d.!

"Take supper, for which the War Office allows 5d.

"A ½ lb. meat costs 4d., leaving 1d. to cover bread and butter and a pint of tea, to say nothing of cooking and attendance."

Another cause of trouble is the allowance of 2s. 6d. a week for fires.

With coal at about 3s. 3d. cwt., this allowance is obviously inadequate.

Also, the allowance of 6d. a night a soldier for bed and attendance, when no meals are provided, compares most unfavourably with that for officers, which is 3s. a night.

Generous Allowance

In other ways the Quartermaster-General's department is more generous.

When the War Office takes over empty shops and other premises for billeting purposes, landlords are treated generously.

On the outskirts of London, soldiers were billeted in three empty shops, which rented at £1,200 a year, in the main parade.

Empty houses and flats were available more cheaply away from the shopping centre, but the War Office preferred the more expensive empty shops.

The owner of a motor showroom, whose trade had disappeared, let his premises to the Army at £500 a year!

A garage, now used as a dormitory for soldiers, is let at £400 a year.

"It's a way they have in the Army," runs the song—but this is not a matter to sing about!

DIPLOMATIC JIG-SAW

Tackling the problem of defining the position of diplomats who represent countries in territory occupied by the enemy, yet are still friendly to Britain, Foreign Office experts are confronted with some amazing anomalies

OFFICIALS in the Treaty Department of the Foreign Office have a job that would turn Solomon's hair white.

In trying to decide who are diplomats and who are not, they are faced with paradoxes that just can't be straightened out.

In London are representatives of countries like Greece, at war with Italy but not with Germany.

We have Albanians, whose country has been recognised as part of the Italian Empire, but which may yet be our ally.

There is Emperor Haile Selassie, aiding us from the Sudan, although we recognised Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia.

The Vichy Government has no Ambassador in London, but if you want to travel in unoccupied France you can seek permission from a Vichy office in London.

Then there are the Baltic States—ropes in a diplomatic tug-of-war.

These matters are important, because diplomats are not ordinary mortals. They have great privileges.

A diplomat is immune from arrest. His home is truly his castle. He gets special treatment in the way of rationed petrol and foodstuffs.

He is permitted to send telegrams to his Government in code or cypher. His couriers can travel unhindered through belligerent countries.

So the Treaty Department has to be careful in deciding which foreigners can be ranked as diplomats.

The position of King Zog of Albania, now staying with Queen Geraldine at a London hotel, is likely to give yet another headache to the Treaty Department at the Foreign Office.

Typical case is that of M. Bronius K. Balutis, Minister for Lithuania in Britain.

To reach a better understanding with Russia, Britain is willing to "recognise," as a fact, the incorporation of Lithuania within Soviet frontiers.

Indeed, Lithuania no longer exists as a separate country. According to the Soviet Government, its inhabitants are no longer Lithuanians, but Soviet subjects.

Because M. Balutis protested against the occupation of his country, Russia has confiscated his estates and deprived him of Soviet citizenship.

But Britain still recognises M. Balutis as Lithuania's Minister. M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, who lives near Kensington Palace Gardens, where M. Balutis has his Legation, does not.

M. Torma, the studious Estonian Minister in London, has also lost his country to Russia. He is still the accredited representative of Estonia, though Russia does not recognise him.

There are ships still flying the Estonian flag in American waters. Soviet Russia claims them—but the U.S. does not recognise the Soviet occupation of Estonia.

Think of the situation that will arise if Britain recognises the incorporation of the Baltic States.

London Ministers of these States will be *persona grata* with the American Ambassador, but will not be invited to official British diplomatic functions. A tough problem!

Incidentally, some of these Baltic Ministers have not heard from their countries since the late summer.

"To telegraph home is the same thing as telegraphing to Moscow," one of them told me. "There is no reply."

Luxembourg's problem is easier. M. Clasen, honorary consul in London, still carries on, although his country has been overrun by the Germans.

The Rumanian Legation is now a picture of woe.

At one time the Minister's residence in Belgrave Square was the hub of social life. His wife, Madame Tilea, was a brilliant hostess.

To-day, M. Tilea, no longer Minister, lives in the country. M. Dimancescu, the Press Attaché, who was largely responsible for firing the Rumanian oil wells during the German occupation in the Great War, seldom comes to town.

Because their country has been overrun by Britain's enemy, their diplomatic privileges will undoubtedly be withdrawn. The problem then arises of returning to their home country—a difficult business.

To get to Eastern Europe it is necessary to fly to Lisbon and then make an immense détour by air over Central Africa to reach Khartoum and Cairo before continuing the journey in the Balkans.

The position of King Zog of Albania, staying with Queen Geraldine at the Ritz, is likely to give another headache to the Treaty Department.

Italy's seizure of Albania was recognised by Britain. But if the Albanians revolt, we should be foolish not to take advantage of it. And King Zog may be very useful to us then.

Meantime, he does not enjoy diplomatic privileges, but lives here as an ordinary citizen.

In Greece we have an ally who is not at war with Britain's main enemy, Germany. But M. Simopoulos, the overworked Greek Minister in London, and "the perfect diplomat," is not affected by this

If the Greek Government wishes to communicate with Berlin, it is quicker and more convenient to do so from Athens.

By contrast, such States as Japan and Hungary are members of the Axis, though still at peace with us.

Equally odd is the problem of Mr. John Dulanty, popular and witty Manchester-born Eire High Commissioner in London.

While de Valera declares that Britain will never be allowed the use of Irish ports, hundreds of young citizens of Eire leave every day for the North to serve under the Union Jack.

And though Eire is neutral, the wife of a German diplomat in Dublin recently threw a champagne glass in the face of an hotel guest who refused to drink to Hitler's victory.

So our Treaty Department finds wartime Britain a new Wonderland.

Besides five Allied Governments and six armies here, a dozen Allied papers, social centres for Czechs, Poles, Belgians and Free Frenchmen, we have a diplomatic jig-saw that seems to need a minor war on its own to sort out its pieces!

Only Way Out of School Chaos

Yet another aspect of Britain's vast evacuation problem is revealed in this article by a City school-teacher, who is now trying to overcome the difficulties of educating her children in the inadequate surroundings of a village school.

"I AM troubled about the little girl who is billeted in my house," said the countryman who stopped me in the village street. "You're the new teacher, aren't you?"

My heart sank, as I expected to hear the man repeat the usual complaints.

But this time it wasn't dirty habits, verminous hair, skin troubles, sleeplessness, or the like.

The man was worried because the child was no longer being educated.

"She could count to twenty and repeat her ABC when she first came down here," he said, "but she's forgotten the lot."

And he unconsciously revealed another tremendous problem in the vast evacuation scheme.

Town teachers and children have been bewildered by conditions in rural areas.

Unchanged Methods

Some country headmasters have been at the same schools for thirty (or even forty) years, and their methods have changed but little since they were young men.

They teach this generation as they taught their grandparents, and tell them that they compare badly!

Rigid discipline is enforced, caning is far too frequent, and hours are given to laboriously improving handwriting!

Imagine the consternation of town teachers enveloped in this atmosphere.

Children are confused; teachers irritated.

The child loses interest, is unjustifiably pronounced dull by his new teacher; the teacher finds his methods are criticised, and loses heart.

So much of a child's life is centred in his school that, on his arrival from town, he needs a helping hand from grown-ups in adapting himself to new conditions.

A child likes to feel secure. A feeling of insecurity makes him unhappy and suspicious, and so he gets rattled, and cannot do himself justice.

A good deal of money has been spent on education in this country.

Tremendous progress has been made in the towns, but many country schools have been allowed to lag behind.

There are too many out-of-date "church schools" run on almost feudal lines, where implicit obedience and a straight back are the chief qualifications for becoming a satisfactory pupil.

The individual is not to blame.

We must criticise the system that permits this stagnation to exist.

A set of general working principles should be insisted on by educational boards, applicable and adaptable to all.

But I know of no such intervention.

The authorities have concerned themselves only with finding billets, and if there is any dissatisfaction on the part of an evacuated teacher, he can return to the town.

But the pupil is left to flounder along as best he can.

The Two Extremes

Intelligent co-operation is needed.

Basic principles should be discussed so that the best from the two extremes can be made practicable.

Instead you find disruption and antagonism.

Education, hemmed in by these barriers, is bound to deteriorate, and the reaction on the child can be serious.

There should be more freedom, especially for younger teachers who have contact with the child.

They should not be compelled to work under a régime of which they disapprove.

Teaching is partly experimental.

What may work with one type of child does not always work with another.

Discipline there must be, but it should be reasonable and intelligent.

Difficulties should be discussed in a friendly atmosphere.

The modern child plunged into the maelstrom of present conditions will find enough difficulties of his own, and his school life should be made as easy as possible.

This merging of the town with the country could be made helpful to the children.

Yet, in rural schools, each is regarded by the other as an interloper.

Halfway House

A halfway meeting-house is wanted, a kinder toleration from both sides. Then the wheels would run more smoothly.

Teachers in the country do not enjoy the same privileges as their town colleagues.

They have larger classes of a greater age range.

They work at a lower salary (I have never been able to understand why), and now they have the extra work of organising the newcomers.

So they do require helpful assistance.

And they must be prepared to accept that fact.

Fresh batch of enemy aliens arrives at a British internment camp, where prisoners are accommodat[ed] in villas of a housing estate devoted only to sheltering them.

TRAPPED NA[zis] IN BRITAIN

This "John Bull" reader, an Anti-Nazi German, describes his fight during the last seven months against the Brood of Hitler in a British internment camp. "Nazis can't help plotting," he says, "but they don't always get away with it." Now at liberty he proudly recalls how he foiled a Nazi plot in the camp.

GOADED beyond endurance, the frail young Jew flung himself on the bulky German, and pounded him with his fists, determined to make his tormentor suffer.

In a few seconds he had avenged the father and brother who had been killed fiendishly while he stood by helplessly in the Dachau concentration camp.

"It's the only language Hitler's gangsters understand," he said apologetically, as he wiped the blood off his torn fists.

And the Germans around him nodded enthusiastically.

For this happened, not in the Third Reich, but in a British internment camp.

I went there seven months ago with thousands of other Germans and Austrians who had sought refuge in this country.

I went there willingly.

I did not want to lose my liberty, but I understood that it was essential [at that time but not now] for all aliens of German origin to be under supervision until the pro-Nazis had been singled out. Beggars could not be choosers.

There could be no favouritism. You'd wonder that any German living in Britain would still have any feeling for the men who have tortured his Fatherland.

YET I HAD NOT BEEN IN THE TRANSITORY INTERNMENT CAMP LONG BEFORE I REALISED HOW IMPORTANT IT WAS TO HAVE ALL GERMANS IN THIS COUNTRY UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

I hoped there would be work for me to do at the camp.

I did not want to go on languishing contentedly in captivity when I could be helping to fight the Nazis. But I found plenty of Nazis to fight in the camp.

In no time I discovered that my job would be waging a continuous unrelenting war on the Nazis among the internees.

My colleagues elected me Camp Supervisor, and I did my utmost to serve their interests and to do the right thing by the British authorities.

IT was not difficult to find Nazi sympathisers.

Their attitude to Britain, their manner of talking, their way of dressing, and their behaviour towards other Germans left no doubt as to where their sympathies lay.

They were "auslands-deutsche"—Germans living abroad—and many of them were men of advanced age who had been living in England for years and years.

They expressed their gratitude to the country that had given them hospitality and a chance of making a living by rediscovering their "German souls," and priding themselves on what they described as the "Great New Nazi Germany," and heaping insults on Britain and her leaders.

These and men of similar mentality soon founded a "German Club," and their members strutted around the camp, talking arrogantly and concocting all sorts of schemes.

They repeated, word for word, the nonsense they had heard over the German radio.

These supporters of Hitler had first chance of stepping into the open when the Commander of the camp announced that every internee was entitled to put himself under the protection of the Swiss Consul, who was the representative of Germany.

All refugees and anti-Nazis refused to have anything to do with anybody acting for Nazi Germany, but eighty men insisted on exercising that right.

ALTHOUGH it had been forbidden by camp officials, the "German Club" called a secret meeting a few days later, but the Commander heard of it and it was dispersed even before the introductory speech had been started.

The Nazis tried to neutralise this first defeat by spreading rumours and lies that would have done credit to Dr. Goebbels, past-master of lying.

Muddles caused by Home Office red tape, and displays of pig-headedness on the part of the military—and, honesty compels me to confess, there were many of these—were exaggerated immensely by the Nazis, and discussed over and over again as proof of the alleged decadence of the British Empire.

All this was meant to create a state of restlessness and despondency.

Nazi activities were interrupted by the dissolution of the transitory internment camp and the transfer of its inmates to two permanent camps.

It did not take our Hitlerites long to regain strength at the new camp.

ALL THE METHODS USED BY THE NAZIS IN GERMANY TO PUT HITLER IN POWER WERE EMPLOYED BY HIS HENCHMEN AT OUR CAMP TO FOSTER THEIR SINISTER SCHEMES.

THEY CHOSE THEIR QUARTERS WITH A DEFINITE PURPOSE IN MIND, AND A FEW DAYS LATER ALL NAZIS HAD ACTUALLY RE-ESTABLISHED A CLOSE CONTACT.

An accident, irrelevant in itself, revealed that the Nazis communicated with each other by means of inconspicuous secret signals when meeting in the street of the camp, at the canteen, and the recreation ground.

Great progress was made in my observation of suspected persons, when I detected the head of the Nazi movement at the camp

Soon the so-called secret signs sho[wed] Nazi clique had been closing their ran[ks] could be no doubt that they possesse[d a] organisation.

Strings were pulled by the "Lead[er]" house, which was known to the anti-[Nazis] "Brown House."

To frustrate their sinister purp[oses] necessary to establish a counter-organ[isation]

Several anti-Nazi refugee co[mmittees] delighted to help, and with their a[id] everything that was going on with[in] circle.

The Nazi "cell" at the camp w[as] precisely after the pattern of the N[azi] Germany.

EACH POST WAS MANNED; EA[CH] HAD HIS SPECIAL DUTY.

THERE WAS A CAMP LEADER [with] WARDENS, HOUSE WARDENS, AND S[UB-]WARDENS FOR EVERY JOB.

THE PROPAGANDA DEPARTME[NT], MAIN PURPOSE WAS SPREADI[NG] RUMOURS, HAD A STAFF OF TEN.

Their task was facilitated by th[e] hensible ban on all newspapers.

THE Nazis exploited the capitulati[on] to the full.

"The Churchill Cabinet [will] resign; Mosley will become Prime M[inister]" their prophecy.

The Nazis believed their hour of [triumph] due.

I learned that they were prepa[ring] the control of the camp at a suita[ble] apparently believing Hitler would inv[ade] at once.

Again every one of them was give[n a] job for "Der Tag."

Exact details were worked out a[s to] officers and sentries were to be overp[owered]

Such weapons as kitchen knive[s] razor-sharpness were hidden in [the] "armoury."

But the plans came to nothing.

prisoners are accommodat[ed] in
g them.

NAZIS
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lans came to nothing.

A few days later all the self-confessed Nazis in the camp were shipped to Canada.

Unfortunately, many refugees, Jews and political fugitives of non-Jewish extraction, were deported simultaneously, herded with their worst enemies.

Later on the camp was again threatened by Hitlerites.

Those who had escaped deportation through hiding their pro-Nazi sympathies had been joined by Hitler's adherents among new batches of internees, and they had reorganised their "cell."

THERE WERE SECRET MEETINGS IN THE ROOMS OF THEIR NEWLY APPOINTED CHIEFTAINS, BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, IN COMPLETE DARKNESS, AND OFTEN TILL THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.

Some of these fellows were arrogant enough openly to ridicule England's war efforts, and to vilify members of the War Cabinet.

Again and again I was told that Nazi X or Y had boasted that Hitler's forces would soon land in Britain to punish her "war-mongers."

ONE of the houses sheltered twenty Jewish refugees and seven Nazis.

In spite of being in the minority, the Nazis kept on terrorising the others.

"Dirty Jews, you're on the black-list," they would shout. "When Hitler comes we'll cut your throats."

Every night the Nazis read magazine articles to which were added comments illustrative of the National-Socialistic mentality, spiced with quotations from *Mein Kampf*, or Party slogans.

In another house, Nazis established an observation post at a window overlooking the sea.

The post was always occupied, and the watch was relieved every few hours.

Apparently the Nazis were watching for German aircraft with which to exchange signals.

AS MY LIST OF NAMES OF NAZI SYMPATHISERS INCREASED, I GAVE ALL DETAILS OF HITLERITE ACTIVITIES TO THE CAMP OFFICIALS.

At last the Camp Commander saw fit to act.

Witnesses were called and their evidence was put on record. In accordance with the Nazi creed, the main culprit denied everything, but his cowardice and insolence were of no avail.

He was given an opportunity of resting on his Nazi laurels in the prison cell for three weeks.

Having done his "stretch," he was transferred to another house, where he was kept under close observation.

Another Nazi who had terrorised Jewish refugees was condemned to several weeks' solitary confinement.

During the last few weeks I spent in the camp the Camp Commander adopted more and more the method of punishing with arrest those Nazis who had made themselves obnoxious.

Yet this method is wholly insufficient.

Authorities should not tolerate Nazi activities in internment camps.

Particularly deplorable are conditions at women's camps, where the female of the species is in no way prevented from outdoing her male associates in terrorising other internees.

Interned refugees who are pro-British should not be asked to live close to persons whom they hate from the bottom of their hearts, and who are hostile to them.

Anyone whose conduct has betrayed him as having pro-Nazi sympathies should be interned in a special Nazi camp, to be subject to the strictest discipline, as befits an enemy of this country in times of totalitarian warfare.

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

WHY HAVE THE ITALIANS FAILED?

● We have all learned now what many declared was true at the time of the Abyssinian crisis—that Mussolini's boasted power was merely swank.

In dread of it, Baldwin withdrew the Mediterranean Fleet late in 1935, to the disgust of every officer and man.

Italian aircraft easily murdered unarmed Spaniards. They lose—10-0, or even worse—when they meet the R.A.F.

Mussolini's armies crushed poor little Abyssinia, which had no modern mechanism of any kind. When British aircraft fly in advance of the Greeks—it is another story.

You can't create a fighting nation in a quarter of a century. Besides, the Italian people have no stomach for this war.

If our Foreign Office, full of appeasement, hadn't allowed Mussolini to stock up his supplies for a year, he couldn't have joined in it.

ARE DIPLOMATS AMONG THE SPIES?

● There are the usual silly stories around that international spies are putting on false whiskers or flashing lights at night.

William Le Queux, the novelist, seems to have invented the first.

The second was born in the last war, when naturalised German bakers, who had come here originally to escape military service, had their shops smashed.

What would a baker in the Walworth Road know about anything, except how much his customers owed him?

Meantime, every Ministry and Legation in London must be a potential source of spying, just as, in enemy countries, we have friends among the neutral diplomats.

Diplomats in London send detailed information to their Governments in cipher and in code telling all they can learn about our condition. That is what they are for.

But, then, if there were not so much talk in Whitehall and among the High-ups, none of them could learn anything that could not be read in the newspapers a few days later.

WHY HIDE THE COST OF LIVING?

● Hush-hush people in Whitehall have been trying to suppress, in spite of Ernest Bevin's protest, the real facts about the cost of living.

All this began when Sir John Simon, as Chancellor, and Neville, when he was Prime Minister, talked about "the vicious spiral"—a rise in wages sending up prices and then a price increase creating the need for more wages.

So nothing was done.

Now the plain truth is that months ago, when the Emergency Powers Act nominally placed us all, and all our possessions, at the Government's disposal, we should all have been put on a war footing.

By this time, the entire nation, rich and poor, should have been paid in food, a proportion of everybody's rent should have been guaranteed to landlords, and books of coupons entitling people to so much value in clothing and other essentials should have been issued.

That was the practical way of winning the war.

SHOULD CHURCH BELLS RING AGAIN?

● Months ago the Government stopped the ringing of church bells for service, because they wanted to use them as a warning if there were an invasion.

Ever since, people have complained.

"Church bells typify God's blessing on the land," writes one Sussex parson. "Their hallowed associations have a heartening effect even on the irreligious." In this crusade for Christianity, it would spur us on if we heard the church bells ring once more.

Now campanology, as it is called, provides a healthy amusement for bell-ringers, some of whom are very expert.

In the countryside, church bells, when heard at a distance, have a pleasing sound.

Like thousands of other people I live in a big city, where they are a darned nuisance.

Church bells were originally meant to call to worship people who hadn't got clocks. Now everybody knows the time.

Despite that, they waken, every Sunday morning, hundreds of thousands of people—and the number is much greater to-day—who have been working all night.

Ringing church bells wouldn't help to win the war.

On the other hand, it would make the war seem longer.

ARE POLITICAL PARTIES DEAD?

● I am more and more astounded, as I mix each week with all sections of the community, to find how much Party loyalties have broken down.

Yet, as I see it, there is merely a widespread disillusionment, a shattering of old faiths.

I do not regard it as altogether a healthy sign. It merely means that millions of people with no basic political knowledge or understanding are now in the sort of mood when they will turn to anything or anybody that most loudly promises them salvation.

It is no good merely being discontented or angry or suspicious—that is, unless it turns you to study and thought and the exploring of new ideas.

The Tory machine may be smashed. The Labour machine may not be in use. But, inevitably, call them what you will, there will be a Right Party and a Left Party.

Now how can you, with the dread of wholesale unemployment after the war, expect any trade unionist, if he belongs to it, to leave a Labour Party which he feels is his only shield; a Party which, whatever its lack of accomplishment when it was in office, is the only one with a carefully planned policy?

Then, on the other side, opposing that, there must be the anti-Socialists, whatever you may call them. And they will use whatever machine is there.

War will speed up reform, but, unless I misread history, that's all.

We are a two-Party country.

And it is better so.

In any country where there have been several Parties, political chaos has been caused.

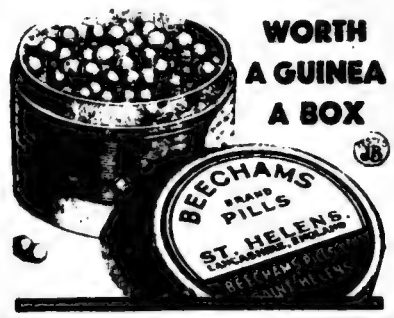
KEEP FIT!

Personal Fitness is Essential to the National Effort

WAR work is to-day preventing thousands of us from obtaining the usual opportunities to take regular exercise, and in many cases constipation results. This produces sick headaches, lassitude and may, if neglected, cause serious disorders.

The Nation's stand-by against constipation for nearly 100 years has been Beechams Pills.

To-day it is more than a personal misfortune to be off-colour; it is a setback to the National Effort. Keep fit with the unfailing help of Beechams Pills.



WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

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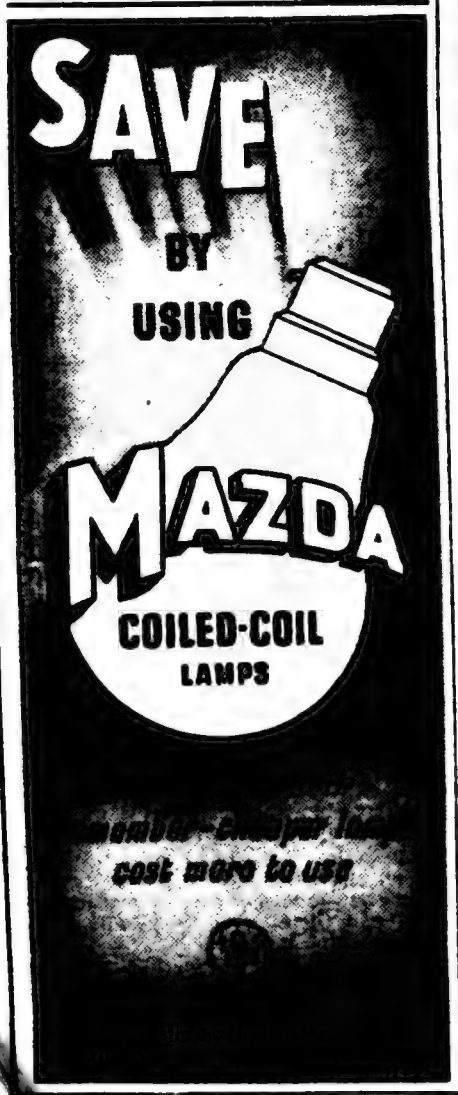

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. . . and when I say thousands I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who, through our Postal Training, have achieved their life's ambition.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc., to-day a number of them are world-famed authors. By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself.

The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever.

It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over thirty years proves that *the will to succeed* achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

J. B. Smith

—LET ME BE YOUR FATHER XMAS—

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"John Bull's" 10-Minute Story

Dealer in SPELLS & CHARMS

By W. A. Sweeney

A Ceres of about seventy, she wore on her head a laborious edifice of blonde hair . . . she lived behind a mask of beauty

AFTER different shots at different forms of industry, Mrs. Bellows opened a beauty requisites shop — powders, paints, perfumes—and called it "The Lily Petal." Moreover, in this venture she called herself Madame Bellairs.

It was a beautiful shop with its white walls, stucco garlands and pseudo-eighteenth-century atmosphere and decorations, and Madame Bellairs herself presented the startling spectacle of a mummy painted in the liveliest colours.

Her mouth bled in the caked plaster of her face and her troubled eyes were framed in blue pencilling, as if they had been inadequately censored.

A Ceres of about seventy, she wore on her head a laborious edifice of blonde hair; the least and most negligent of her gestures displaced a heavy whiff of perfume.

The lobes of Madame's ears, revived with vermilion, rejoiced in false pearls, while glass rings ornamented her red-nailed fingers.

The shop opened at noon, as the proprietress needed the morning to get her face done to a turn.

Madame Bellairs did not laugh, for laughter compromises the artistic labours of the enamelled woman.

Indeed, a hearty laugh might have affected her made-up face rather like an earthquake tremor troubles a macadamed road.

But she spiced her offers of balms and unguents with a touch of psychology.

"You see this cream, Madam," she'd say. "You take a quantity as large as a pea and you spread it on each temple before going to bed.

"It is by the temples that the most intelligent among us grow old. We must fight against it. Men are always proclaiming 'Woe to the conquered.' I shall wrap you up a small jar for five-and-six?"

Yes, her beauty shop was a charming place.

One day when she was busy adjusting a false eyelid, she suddenly pressed the famous scent-spray and said, "Yes, Madam?"

A girl had just come in.

But the girl was holding out her hand.

"Don't you know me, Aunt Aggie? Lord, I *must* have grown."

"Ah!" cried Madame Bellairs, "you are Ethel?"

The girl nodded, smilingly.

FOR years Madame Bellairs (or Mrs. Bellows, if you like) had not communicated with her sister Annie, whose child stood before her now.

The cleavage in the sisterly relations dated from the time, many years before, when Annie had let herself be courted by an inventor, a proceeding as wildly outrageous in her elder sister's eyes as though she had been walking out with a pirate with a price on his neck.

Now here was Ethel telling her story. She and her mother, it appeared, had gone through rough times and Ethel from leaving school had tried many jobs.

The stage, shop-assistant, telephone company—but she seemed to leap as light-heartedly from pinnacle to pinnacle of failure as her father had done.

"And I'm only twenty," she finished, smiling.

Only twenty.

From behind the scenic decorations of her face Madame Bellairs regarded her very pretty niece.

Twenty, she was.

That is to say, with hair, teeth, health, gaiety, and a pink and blonde face and head that you could paint on a box of expensive soap. The aunt sighed and then took a sudden decision.

"Take off your hat. I've just had an idea. Look here, I am going to employ you. You've only got to say *Amen* to all that I shall say: you can't say that's difficult."

"Certainly not," agreed Ethel, ready for anything.

"What you have to do is this: You must push sales; be pleasant to the customers and not make mistakes. You will call me Madame Bellairs."

"Certainly, Aunt."

"Put your hat over there and come beside me. I'll give you one important instruction: if I question you, you will reply in a grave, well-modulated voice. I'll explain directly. Here's somebody now."

THE scent-spray came into action again as the customer entered.

She was a good customer, too, to judge by the infirmities she enumerated.

Dryness of the scalp, sunburn or windburn on the nose, cracked lips and, above all, dimples, dimples that had once been found so charming by so many people that they had stayed fixed, changed into wrinkles.

"A wrinkle," said Madame Bellairs aphoristically, "is a permanent dimple, madam. One laughs so much when one is young that one keeps the marks when one no longer wishes to do so."

But the remedy for the evil was at hand.

This little pot of cream, which wasn't much to look at.

The customer, on hearing its price, hesitated and was going to fall back on buying a box of pins at tuppence, when Madame Bellairs let go her last argument.

"Look, madam, first of all. Please stand up, Mrs. Westbitt."

She turned towards Ethel, who immediately stood up.

"My employee, madam, who uses this cream is over forty."

"Over forty!" gasped the customer.

And "Mrs. Westbitt," understanding, replied in a cavernous voice: "Yes, madam, I was forty on the sixth of last month."

"You may tell the lady, Mrs. Westbitt—there's no shame in it—that before you knew this cream you were almost repugnant to look at."

Madame Bellairs turned to the customer again.

"It removed her moustache—yes, she had quite an unsightly growth indeed—effaced the wrinkles round the eyes and changed her complexion to the point that she is taken for the sister of her son, the daughter of her husband and the granddaughter of her father.

The flabbergasted customer bought, successively, a pot of cream, two bottles of perfume, pencils for the lids, regenerating skin milk and an eyebrow brush. And so Ethel was definitely enthroned.

Nevertheless, at the end of some weeks her rôle of the forty-year-old ex-repulsive hag weighed on her as much as it humiliated her before new customers.

"Don't let that worry you," said Madame Bellairs. "Can you imitate the voice of a child reciting poetry?"

"Can't I? I was a wow at that when I was at St. Matilda's. All the girls used to ask——"

"I thought you might," said Auntie, interrupting her. "I have another idea."

From then onwards Ethel was employed in the launching of a new hygienic corsage destined to improve insufficiency of bust.

"You understand, now," said her aunt. "Don't make a mistake. For the cream you're forty, for the corset fifteen. In the case of the same customer buying both articles keep your mouth shut."

Ethel was delighted with this diversion. In a fascinating treble she would announce:

"I'm fifteen and before I used the Javanaise corset I was as flat as a smoothing-board."

She called Madame Bellairs "Mamma."

INTO the calm of this enterprising atmosphere came the troubling presence of a certain Mr. Sutlow, an elderly gentleman well past his first freshness, with a jerky manner of walking, dark-complexioned, dressed with a certain careless elegance and whose shortsightedness was incredible.

As he came frequently to the shop Madame Bellairs grew anxious and believed, first of all, that the attraction for him was her niece.

She was nearly overcome with pride and emotion, however, when she realised that it was for herself he came and he was paying her a courtship of the most tactful and discreet nature.

Like nearly all widows, she had never abandoned the tender possibility of marrying again, and the older she grew the more she dreamt rose-tinted dreams.

At each of the myopic Mr. Sutlow's visits, to let him have the opportunity of declaring his intentions, she sent Ethel out of the way somewhere, and she talked of the painful position of a widow, still young, and alone in the world with a niece of fifteen.

"When she was born I was twenty-six," she murmured at him. "I am old, very old, I don't want to hide my age."

For answer Mr. Sutlow squeezed her hand.

ONE evening he came just when the women were about to close up.

His dress, manner, febrile animation revealed in him the softest sentiments, and Madame Bellairs felt the moment was at hand.

At the moment, however, when she was going to despatch Ethel out of the way on an errand, Madame Bellairs was called by her maid-of-all-work to the back shop.

"My child, since we are alone," said Mr. Sutlow, "here is five-and-sixpence and pass me a bottle of that cream. I should—er—like to rejuvenate myself a trifle. . . . Above all, you won't breathe a word to *Her*.

"At least," he hesitated, "do you think it will do me any good, this cream? For the wrinkles and so forth? Do you think it will have any effect?"

Ethel wrapped up the cream, tied it with an azure string and then replied in her most basso-profundo manner:

"Will it have any effect? But look at me, my dear sir! I'm over forty. My eldest is in the artillery up in Scotland.

"Before I knew of this cream I was revolting to look at. It effaced my wrinkles round the eyes and changed my complexion to the point that I am now taken for my son's sister, my husband's daughter and my father's granddaughter. Thank you, sir."

She smiled at him sweetly, and put the money in the till.

Pale and shaken, Mr. Sutlow shambled through the door after a hurried goodnight.

"Has he gone?" asked Madame Bellairs, when she entered a little later.

"Just this minute," replied Ethel, innocently.

And now if you pass Madame Bellairs' beauty shop you will see her, through the window, turn away from regarding herself in the glass to ponder with troubled eyes on the mystery of her departed swain, a mystery she has never cleared up.

Still good news!

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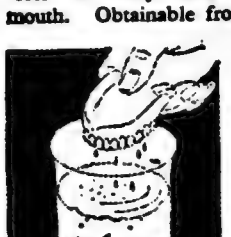

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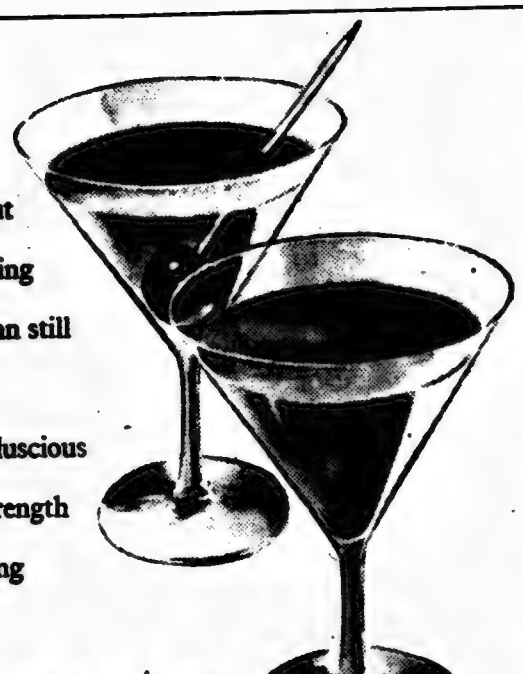

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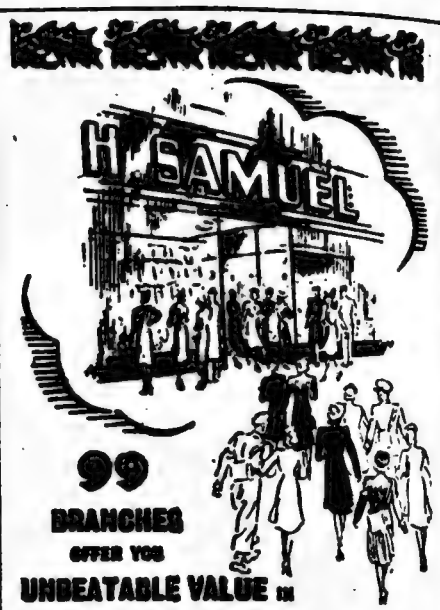

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From chemists everywhere 9d. per tin

SEND HIM SOME IN HIS NEXT PARCEL

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blosts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters' Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-. *Purchase Tax extra.*

HUMANIST advises you to be the master, not the slave, of memory. It is useless to shed tears over the past, even though it does cause you to blush

Don't be Bullied by Your Memories

FEW people can look into the mirror of the past without being shocked. Yet it is useless to shed tears over the irrevocable. Problems of the future are quite enough for most of us.

For this reason a fifty-year-old reader takes me to task for saying that a good memory is a fine possession.

"There are times when we want to forget," he says.

"Memory gives us nasty jolts now and again. Looking back, I do not feel at all proud of myself.

"The silly things I have done!

"The good chances I have missed!

"The times I have grieved kind friends who were trying to put me right!

"I refused to take their advice because I thought I knew better. Like many others, I have said, 'If only we could have our time over again, how differently we should behave!

"Life does not give us the second chance. We can only try to do better in future. But we cannot apologise to friends who have gone from us.

"Last week I visited my old home town.

"It was most depressing. I met mostly strangers. The people I knew years ago are gone away."

In thinking back on what is gone, we ought not to recall only the unhappy things. There must be happy memories. Tennyson once said bitterly that he remembered all the harsh things that had been said about him, and none of the good.

That was hardly fair, either to his friends or himself.

Tom Hood's poem, "I Remember," is equally melancholy. He discovered that he was farther off from heaven than when he was a boy.

Yet there are some memories that we can all treasure, and it is good to recall them in our hours of disappointment.

From the Past

ANOTHER letter is worth quoting at this point.

"I have been married for eighteen years," writes a man, "and have been very happy. I have a fine wife, who has helped me through some difficult times.

"I met her soon after the last war, and learned that she had been engaged to another man, but had grown tired of him.

"She told me about it herself.

"I courted her for three years. She was a beautiful girl, much sought after by other men.

"Eventually her previous fiancé came to see me, and we agreed to let her decide between us.

"I was chosen.

"A few weeks ago I was sitting in a cubicle of a café when I overheard two men, who apparently had not met for twenty years, talking about old times.

"They mentioned my wife's maiden name, and to my horror I heard one of these men say he had been her lover!

"I have held a Government job for many years," he continues, "and I cannot help wondering how many people have heard this story about my wife's past. I think you will understand my feelings."

"Ought I to ask her to tell me the truth, or should I leave matters as they are? If the story is true, I am afraid it will upset my home life, because she is highly strung.

"If it is false, she would be terribly worried.

"I can never feel the same now to one whom I have always looked on as being above reproach.

"I asked my wife whether she knew the man in question. She replied that she did slightly, and that he was a rotter. I did not pursue the subject further."

Quite right, too. Why should the subject be dragged into daylight after it has been buried for eighteen happy years?

The man may have misunderstood the conversation.

The fellow may have been bragging (as so many rotters do) about his successes with women.

Even if the story were true, why should it be revived?

At most it could have been nothing more than an episode about which the wife would have only regrets.

My advice is: Forget it altogether and act as though the conversation had never taken place.

Reversed Roles

WE often hear about the North Countryman who objected to having a dog and barking himself. It is an old story popular on both sides of the Pennines. I was reminded of it by a letter from a woman reader.

"Six weeks ago," says the writer, "I married a widower who had been running his own home since his wife died. He is a good cook, and has become so used to his own methods of doing things that my life is already a misery.

"When we married, he told me I should have the running of the house, but he has interfered ever since I started. Now he has taken the housekeeping completely out of my hands.

"He insists on being the woman, so to speak.

Memory is a fine possession as long as it is under control. As your master it can drive you into the depths of depression

"Yet I am an excellent cook and a careful housekeeper. I paid all expenses out of the sum he allowed me, and had a shilling or two in hand at the end of the week.

"Nothing was right for him.

"It was so bad that if I went to the larder to get an egg he told me which one to take, and watched for fear I took a bigger one.

"It sounds absurd, I know, but it is true. He stood watching me cook until I felt I could scream.

"In the end I told him I could not stand any more and told him he had better take over the housekeeping himself. Then I broke down and had to go to bed.

"Since then the house has not been mine at all. He keeps on telling me that it is HIS house.

"I have gone off my food, and really feel I shall break down completely if I try to endure it.

"I don't want to break up the home if it can be saved. There is a daughter of fifteen who seems so fond of me and needs me."

Really this situation would be comic if the wife did not feel it so intensely. A strong-minded woman would put this matter straight by a few well-chosen words.

But if the wife does not feel equal to asserting herself she will either have to endure it or—go out to work! If the man insists on being the woman, surely the woman might play the rôle of the man.

It's a pity that the man is about the house all the time.

If he went off to work after breakfast and returned in the evening the problem would never have arisen.

Guineas for Readers

Every Week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without your name, of course)

THE GREATEST OF THESE

EIGHTEEN months ago Mrs. M. L. Brewster, of Queen Victoria Road South Shore Blackpool, was happily enjoying a well-earned rest.

Her boarding-house had been popular all summer, filling and emptying as the weeks went by with creditable regularity.

And those busy summer weeks had been profitable enough to allow Mrs. Brewster's family to live through the winter without too much anxiety about the future.

Now Mrs. Brewster is in such a sad position financially that worry is preventing her from recovering her health after a serious illness.

She has one son in the Army; another in the Navy; her husband is at the training centre.

She has lost her income.

Most of her furniture has already been sold to pay doctors' bills, and unless she can raise £10 immediately to pay a storage account she will lose the rest of her worldly possessions.

Still under medical care, she is struggling to maintain herself and an adopted girl of three on 24s. a week. Her rent is 22s.

Incapacitated by her serious illness, she cannot go out to work.

In eighteen months she has lost so much that she needs some encouragement to go on struggling.

Donations should be earmarked "Storage," and posted to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. There are no deductions for administration expenses. These are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

GODLESSNESS

IT'S not only the British Empire that Hitler would like to beat, it's not only the common courage of the ordinary man in the street, it's not only the dauntless spirit of the women whose homes are at stake, but it's GOD and His Kingdom of Life that he would like to break.

IT'S not only the British Empire that Hitler would like to efface; it's the Nations he uses to help him that he intends in the end to debase along a Road Catastrophic, Blood-red with Power Control, down which this Career of Madness means the Destruction of the Soul.

IT'S not only this Frightful Empire that Hitler would like to build upon Broken Homes, and Broken Lives, wherever he has Willed, but it's something more Terrifying than even he comprehends it's a World without Hope, without Faith, without Love, without Soul, without God, without Friends.

IT'S a blood-soaked Dangerous Pattern, it's a Map of Madness inspired by Satan, whose lust for Dominion has never flagged nor tired, he still offers the Human Kingdom to Man who can God Defeat, and this is what Hitler aspires to achieve, HELL ON EARTH COMPLETE.

J. M.

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

thoroughly, easily, pleasantly

MOST housewives have extra work to do these days. So Harpic's quick, simple, efficient action on the lavatory is a boon indeed. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises all at the same time and leaves the bowl spotless. Try it! Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d. 1/-, and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

the IRIUM Tooth Paste and Tooth Powder

This *more-than-ordinary* dentifrice is infinitely more effective because it contains Irium. Irium, newly discovered cleansing miracle, searches out treacherous hidden particles, dissolves away surface stains, gives you the brightest, cleanest smile you've ever dreamed of. Change to Pepsodent today!

7½d 1/3 and 2/2 *(inclusive of tax)*

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HOW she enjoys her daily cup of OXO after playing. And how easy for Mother to make—an OXO Cube, a cup of hot water—a delicious and nourishing drink quickly made.

OXO

—NO INCREASE IN PRICE!

STRENGTHENS THE HOME FRONT

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

AGAIN and AGAIN PROVES ITS MAGIC HEALING POWER

Never a day passes but some grateful person tells of painful and unsightly skin troubles ended. These unsolicited letters are written to help *you* to end your suffering. These simple statements of fact *must* convince you that **Germolene** is indeed the magic healer, curing when all else fails.

SORE FEET

"I suffered from aching and blistered feet and tried many remedies without relief. At times I could not put my feet to the ground. I bought a 6d. tin of Germolene and, after applying it, I feel as if I had new feet." R.R., Walthamstow

SCALDS

"I am a mother with six children. I scalded my leg from knee to toes. The skin came off with my stocking. I was in bed a month. But thanks to Germolene I am better and about again." Mrs. A.B., Yorks.

ECZEMA

"I must write to let you know of the marvellous cure Germolene has made upon my little girl. She was suffering from Eczema all over her face and I feared she would lose the sight of her right eye because of the rash spreading so badly, even to both ears. I was almost distracted with worry, and decided to try Germolene—in less than three weeks the trouble quite disappeared. The district nurse attending my little girl said she had never seen such a cure in so short a time." Mrs. Jones.

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SAYS Master O'Kay —the Saucy Boy

O.K

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Instant relief from INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½D & 1/3 Plus Tax

An Excellent Recipe for the Family Cold

Easily made up at home.

There is no need for the family cold to go the round if you make up this good old-fashioned recipe and keep it for emergency.

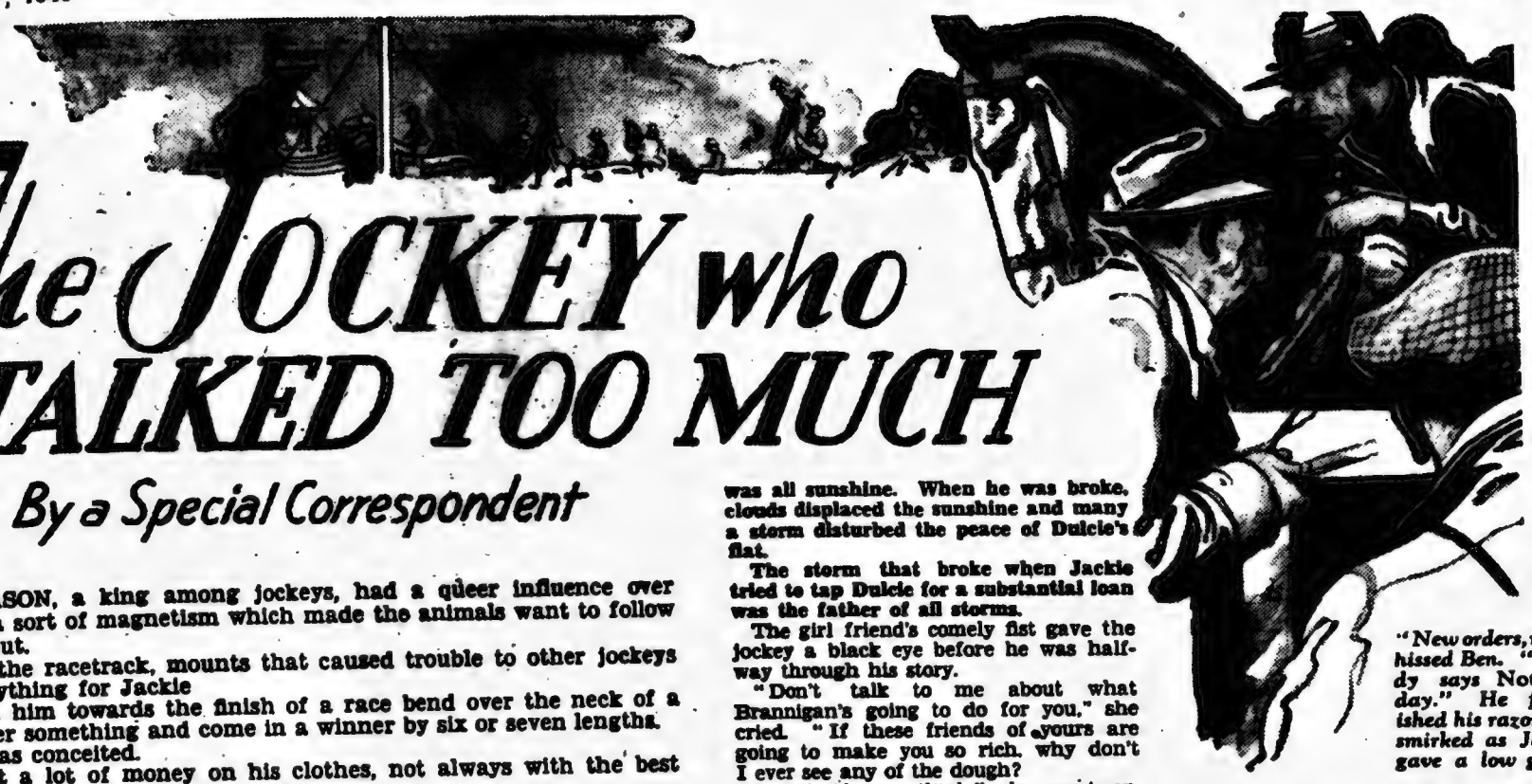
Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may add a little sugar or syrup if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible sharp pains or dull wearing down aches in back or sides, you can't get rid of these with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are **Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes** and **Rheumatism, poor Appetite** and **Energy, Swollen Ankles, etc.**—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—and starts benefits in 24 hours and completely stops troubles in 8 days. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 3/- and 6/- (*Plus Tax*) on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

For Kidney & Bladder Irritation



The JOCKEY who TALKED TOO MUCH

By a Special Correspondent

JACKIE JASON, a king among jockeys, had a queer influence over horses, a sort of magnetism which made the animals want to follow him about.

On the racetrack, mounts that caused trouble to other jockeys would do anything for Jackie

I've seen him towards the finish of a race bend over the neck of a horse, whisper something and come in a winner by six or seven lengths.

Jackie was conceited.

He spent a lot of money on his clothes, not always with the best results.

But beneath his swagger clothes, Jackie had the hands, forearms and wrists of a man twice his build. And those same muscles were used as much to pull horses as to urge them to victory.

"Whoa-Back-Jack" was what his critics called him behind his back.

They took good care not to call him so to his face.

Jackie had no uncertain temper, and would have smacked out at anyone who insulted him.

His strong arm was linked with a not-so-strong head. Jackie's biggest failing was that he could not keep his mouth shut.

Owner after owner, expecting a nice coup at eights or tens, had seen the price of his horse tumble down to evens, thanks to Jackie's blabbing about certainties

Through this talking out of turn Jackie lost more good owners than many jockeys contacted in a lifetime.

Time after time he had spells of inactivity, during which he piled up debts, mostly due to losses on the Turf and at cards.

★ With this story of "Whoa - Back - Jack," the jockey who was too fond of opening the horse's mouth, "John Bull" introduces a series of true-life racing dramas, written by a special correspondent whose knowledge of the turf is unsurpassed among racing experts.

It was during such a spell that big Baldy Brannigan, the bookie, came over to Jackie while the jockey was playing baccarat, and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Pack it up, Jackie," he said, "and come and have a drink."

Jackie beamed with pleasure, and left the table.

As he followed Baldy across the room he reflected that the bookie owned a few good horses.

Drinks were served.

Baldy looked around cautiously, and then said: "I'm readying Santa Claus for Sandown, and I want you to ride him."

Jackie beamed again.

Santa Claus was the best youngster in Baldy's string.

"You should clean up a packet on a flier like that, Mr. Brannigan," he said.

"That's my intention," said the bookie. "Santa Claus is a certainty. But don't push him too much. You don't have to win by more than a dozen lengths. And remember, I'm putting a packet on him, and there'll be a nice little present for the boy who brings him home."

And Baldy gave Jackie a cigar, patted him on the back, and walked away whistling.

Now Jackie's memory was as short as his intellect was weak.

Otherwise he would have smelt a rat in the proposition. For only a few months previously Baldy had prepared a similar armchair ride for Jackie, intending to clean up a small fortune with the odds at 100-8.

But Jackie, as usual, had talked, and before Baldy was ready to lay his bets the horse was a hot favourite.

When his runners brought the bad news, Baldy was furious.

"I'll break every bone in the little gasbag's body!" he yelled.

Friends calmed him down and persuaded him to take no direct action. But bookies, like elephants, never forget, and Baldy had planned revenge.

Bone-headed Jackie didn't even smell it.

All he saw in Baldy's proposition was a chance to clear off his debts and get on his feet again.

To raise the wind and get money for a cash bet, the jockey went to see his girl friend, Dulcie.

She was an usherette in a kinema when Jackie first met her. But she had not known him long before she was living like a film star.

She was blonde and blue-eyed, nicely curved in the right places and had a definite knowledge of how many beans made five—or a fiver.

When Jackie was in the money, Dulcie was all sunshine. When he was broke, clouds displaced the sunshine and many a storm disturbed the peace of Dulcie's flat.

The storm that broke when Jackie tried to tap Dulcie for a substantial loan was the father of all storms.

The girl friend's comely fist gave the jockey a black eye before he was halfway through his story.

"Don't talk to me about what Brannigan's going to do for you," she cried. "If these friends of yours are going to make you so rich, why don't I ever see any of the dough?

"And if you think," she went on, "that I'm going to dip into my savings so that you can throw good money after bad, you're a bigger fool than you look."

Jackie tried new tactics.

"I saw a ring in Bond Street yesterday," he said, "a platinum ring with a square diamond in it as clear and blue as the sky."

There was a look of pleading on his face as he added: "It was to be a surprise for you out of the winnings."

The clouds rolled away.

Sunshine came back to Dulcie. She sat on Jackie's knee, rested her blonde head on his shoulder.

"What was it Brannigan said?" she asked softly.

Before Jackie left that night Dulcie had promised to lend him a hundred pounds.

And for the next few weeks Jackie had a glorious time dropping in to the night spots and gambling haunts and indulging his natural taste for friendliness.

Although he still bubbled over with the joy of living, he was not talking for nothing this time.

All the boys who were let in on the good thing had to pay for their information, or promise Jackie the odds to a pony.

The result was that on the day of the race the first rush of money brought Santa Claus down from eights to evens, and some of the layers even went so far as to rub him out.

Only Baldy held his ground.

He had Santa Claus ticketed at eights and kept him there, while a mob of desperate punters fought like lunatics to get on.

Baldy was stuffing notes into his satchel with both hands.

"Easy, boys, easy," he said, "one at a time and you'll all be able to rob me."

For a man about to lose a fortune Baldy looked pretty pleased with himself.

If Jackie could have seen him then he would have dropped on his back and kicked like a dying horse.

But Jackie was busy in the saddling enclosure, so he had no idea what Baldy was up to.

He was patting the sleek neck of Santa Claus and dreaming of a villa at Cannes.

"New orders, rat," hissed Ben. "Baldy says Not today." He flourished his razor and smirked as Jackie gave a low groan

Meanwhile, Baldy was talking to big-fisted plug-uglies. They listened while Baldy gave his orders. Then one of them said:

"Maybe Jackie won't take no notice of us. Maybe he'll ride his own race."

Baldy's scowl was of the stuff of which nightmares are made.

"Better see that he does take notice, Ben, or I'll be getting myself a couple of new boys. In any event, Jackie values his baby-faced beauty far too much to want it carved up."

Jackie got Santa Claus down to the tapes unaware of the plot hatching against him.

Santa Claus was stepping so friskily that the guys who had their dough on him clapped each other on the back and began to count their gains.

The big fellows were waiting when Jackie reached the barrier, but the jockey was much too busy fighting for position among the shuffling mass of horses to take much notice until he heard Ben call him by name.

Jackie looked across and recognised the bruisers as two of Baldy's bullies, and as he edged Santa Claus over towards them he noticed that Ben was hacking at a twig with a particularly ugly-looking razor.

Ben looked at Jackie as if he were something the Food Control had rejected.

"New orders, rat," he hissed. "Baldy says *not* to-day!"

He flourished his razor and smirked.

"And Baldy says I was to use this, too," he said in a cold, hard voice, "in case you needed a haircut after the race."

Ben snapped the blade shut and grabbed his pal by the arm.

"Remember Baldy's orders," he rasped, "*not* to-day!"

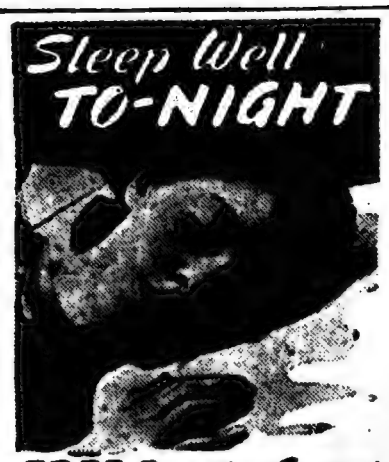
Jackie gave a low sort of groan, and almost fell off his horse.

If he lost, as ordered, how would he ever face Dulcie?

What would he say to the boys who had put their shirts on his tip?

For a moment he decided to forget what was said and allow Santa Claus to win.

(Continued on page 21)



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COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!

Don't cough all night to-night. You can't afford to lose a moment of the precious hours when sleep is possible. And the cough that keeps you wakeful, lung-tearing and heart-straining in its effects will pull you down tremendously and lay you open to serious complications. **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** is your safeguard. This fine family remedy gives you instant relief. Frees your breathing, clears away phlegm, and **ARRESTS THE DEVELOPMENT OF DANGEROUS GERMS.**

1/5 & 3/5 per bottle (Including Purchase Tax)

VENOS LIGHTNING **COUGH CURE**

BACKACHE

often followed by
Urinary Disorders
Rheumatic Pains

"Every Picture tells a Story"

Harmful Impurities stay in the blood if the kidneys weaken

NEVER trifle with kidney ailments. Relieve backache, urinary and bladder weakness, rheumatic pains, aching muscles and joints, puffy eyes and dizzy attacks, before they can become more serious. The cause in each case is a poisoned condition due to the failure of the kidneys to filter impurities and wastes from the blood. Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney remedy cleanses, strengthens and stimulates the kidney filters so that blood purity is restored and ease and comfort are regained. You can rely upon a medicine that has been used and publicly recommended by 50,000 grateful men and women. *Ask for*

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

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SHE is fit and cheerful whatever the weather—never complains of Winter ills. The reason? She sleeps well, her digestion is perfect, her figure and complexion also. For years she has followed the golden rule of a couple of Bile Beans nightly. This is the secret of her well-being.

Purely vegetable and gentle in action, Bile Beans tone up the system and purify the blood—they eliminate fat-forming residue, and keep you healthily slim.

Cheeriness, vitality and fitness this Winter—all these can be yours if you take Bile Beans regularly.

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BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

"I'm altogether healthier and look more youthful since taking Bile Beans. My husband, too, thinks there's nothing like them for keeping you up to the mark. Last Winter, during the 'flu epidemic, Bile Beans kept us fit and saw us safely through."
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Questions Asked By Every

STOMACH SUFFERER

Here are two questions which every stomach sufferer constantly asks! Read the answers!

WHY do I suffer distressing FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN PALPITATION & SICKNESS ?

Because your stomach is producing TOO MUCH ACID which causes your food to ferment and gives rise to nasty distressing gases.

WHY do I get that wicked griping PAIN after even the lightest meals ?

Because the excess acid is eating into the stomach lining . . . . inflaming it, leading on to ulceration! Now let us ask YOU two questions!

WHY do you continue to suffer these stomach tortures ?

Because you have not yet tried **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.** This famous remedy will neutralise the acid . . . . protect the stomach lining . . . . end your misery!

WHY don't you accept the following offer and so get RELIEF ?

Get a 1/5 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. But make sure you get the remedy made by Macleans Ltd. **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is only genuine if the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex C. Maclean

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MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 7d. In Bottles 1/3 and 2/3

PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

9/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types. Buy NOW before prices increase.

E. J. RILEY LTD.
Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

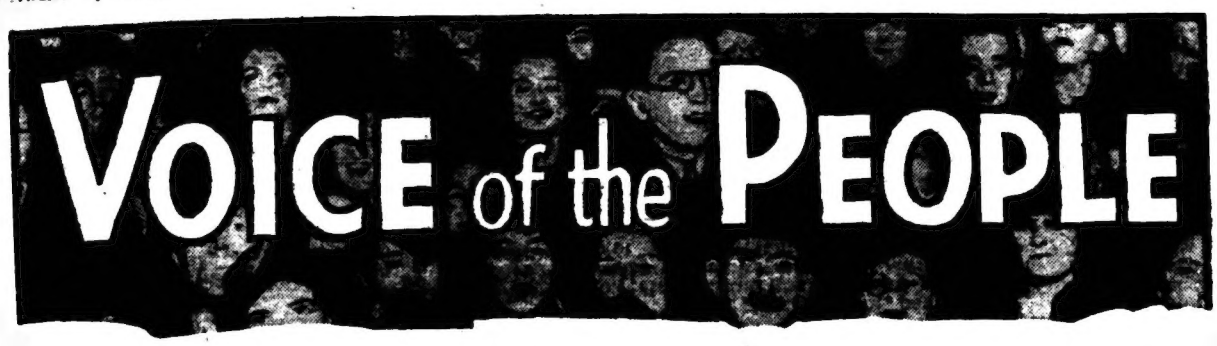
In thousands of cases war work and worries are resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing thin patches and threatening baldness. Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles—unless you take care.

The treatment—for men and women alike—is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin—the result of years of research by brilliant biochemists—is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the fourteen organic elements which the hair root must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your scalp healthy and restore lost hair, start rubbing in Silvikrin to-day. To prevent dandruff and falling hair—use Silvikrin Lotion. For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. L-103-I.

TRUST *Snowfire* TABLET TO KEEP FEET FREE FROM PAINFUL CHAPS 3½d.

Family size 8½d. Including Purchase Tax



EAGER to join the Merchant Service, a boy received the necessary application form, and a form of medical certification to be completed by a medical practitioner.

His panel doctor asked two guineas as fee for the examination necessary for completing this form. He was persuaded to reduce this to a guinea, but it was still far more than the boy's parents could afford.

Sheer determination made the boy pursue enquiries till he was examined at a cost of only 5s.—but how many healthy lads are dissuaded from serving their country because they can't afford the medical examination? — L. Walton, Dilston Road, Newcastle 4.

Ministry of Shipping explained that it could not alter a system enforced by individual companies. That's not good enough, and M.P.s should insist on a change.

MANY gardeners in this borough alone have lost their jobs through the war.

Although their job is reserved (when they can get it!) they have enrolled as stretcher bearers and other A.R.P. workers without quibble or question.

Yet, while these men are idle, hundreds of thousands of acres of land are waiting to be brought into cultivation.

Wars are not won that way.—John Varney, Berwick Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex.

LAST night, in a public shelter, a clergyman held a religious service that might have been most acceptable.

He spoiled it by references to eternal damnation, exhortation to repentance, and the choice of the text: "No man knoweth when his time cometh."

His value as a spiritual helper can be judged from the fact that the women present were quite brave when he arrived, nervy when he made his departure.—E. Graves, Old Compton Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

This is YOUR feature — a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Such Apostles of Gloom shouldn't be given facilities for carrying out their bogey-man tactics in public shelters. He whom they profess to follow wouldn't have tried such methods.

WHEN streets are rebuilt after hostilities have ceased, why not rename them?

Every one must have yielded some hero or heroine whose courage when the bombs were falling could be commemorated in this way.

Plaques should be put up bearing the names of those other brave citizens whose bravery couldn't be recognised by naming the street after them.—R. J. Adams, Clavell Road, Liverpool, N.

LETTERS posted by my husband in London on a Monday afternoon are delivered to me some time on Thursday. Yet there are through trains to Barnstaple every day.

The unnecessary anxiety thus caused to thousands of women in this town alone is doing more to destroy their morale than all the food difficulties.—(Mrs.) O. L. James, Newport Road, Barnstaple, Devon.

Although evacuation has doubled the population of Barnstaple, there is no reason why post office officials should not overcome the difficulties.

HEAVY sentences are being imposed on people who loot from bombed buildings—and rightly.

But you wonder to what extent people are encouraged to steal in this way by the laxity of the system.

A loose system encourages the "finding's keeping," or "if I don't have it, someone else will" frame of mind.

There should be some institution on the lines of the Lost Property Office, where all goods from bombed buildings are stored until recognised and claimed. There should be branches everywhere.

Articles that remain unclaimed should be sold and the proceeds disposed of in an agreed way.

If everybody knew that every article of value in the vicinity of a bombed house was somebody's, that there was no "finding's keepings" about it, we wouldn't hear so much about looting.—J. F. Kelly, Adelaide Road, Leamington Spa.

A system of removing such goods quickly and storing them safely is being evolved—but not fast enough.

THE London experiment of evening school tuition is flagging.

If war stops the student from going to school, the school should go to the student.

Correspondence schools in this country have an excellent record of successes. Why shouldn't the authorities learn from them, and teach by post for the time being at rates that can well be afforded?

My experience of fifteen years as a teacher in evening institutes leads me to think that the scheme would be popular and useful.—H. G. Grinyer, Roselands Gardens, Highfield, Southampton.

This is a better idea than taking classes to the shelters. Many men of high eminence owe everything to training by post.

MRS. MONTY BANKS, erstwhile "Our Gracie," will appear in a Broadway play next Spring.

After which she will return and place her services at the disposal of her native country.

It isn't good enough.

It isn't in the United States that the spirits of the people need keeping up, but here, somewhere in the devastated Midlands adjacent to her native Lancashire. — George Trueman, Alexandra Villas, Brighton.

Many famous writers, artists and performers have left this country in the last twelve months. For a variety of reasons it is too early to judge them. But we do believe that one day the public will assess the war effort of all of them, and that it will ill-betide any who has let the country down.

BOMBS dropped in fields are supposed to be wasted. But are they?

Jerry dropped a stick of bombs in a field five miles from this town.

Hundreds of motorists rushed to the scene. They found some strange delight in descending the craters.

The damage done by the bombs was nil.

Yet at a modest estimate that airman tempted motorists to use up some hundreds of gallons of valuable petrol—which was just as important, in my opinion, as setting a petrol dump of that capacity alight.—P. A. S., address withheld.

If the motorists were using their normal ration in this way—and not a supplementary ration granted for a specified purpose—it wouldn't matter. The privately owned cars of this country might prove to be one of our greatest national assets, but not if their engines are rusted and their batteries ruined for lack of use.

TO many people, *Blitzkrieg* means "lightning war," but they may not know that the *krieg* (war) part of it is a derivation from the often-used German verb *kriegen*, meaning, in its most popular form, "to get."

To us, war means something horrible.

To the Germans it means "to acquire."

And there you have, crystallised, the different viewpoints of the German and British races regarding war.—D. F. Haslewood, Stephen's Road, Tunbridge Wells.

DID the guests at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9, 1940, take their ration books?

Did the meal consist solely of unrationed foods?—S. Howes, Dawney Road, Earlsfield, S.W.18.

Extra allowances of rationed goods can be granted for public functions—have even been granted for quite modest private weddings. Anyhow, we wouldn't like anything to happen to the Lord Mayor's annual beano. You may not know it, but it is quite democratic. We have met there many respectable, hard-working people who would be sniffed at in West End circles. Incidentally, it wasn't a banquet, but merely a lunch this year.

HANNEN SWAFFER says that when a bomb explodes there is no earth disturbance other than that caused by concussion.

In A.R.P. services we are taught that, "apart from the shock-wave generated (*i.e.*, concussion), analogous waves are also generated in the earth by the impact of a bomb quite apart from any effect due to explosion."

I quote from A.R.P. Handbook No. 5.—L. J. Miller, Heathwood Gardens, Swanley, Kent

Nobody would suggest that a huge bomb falling from great height would hit the earth without causing some shock to the earth, but what Swaffer sought to show was that such a shock from a bomb falling in the district would have less effect on earthquake-recording instruments than an earth tremor thousands of miles away

I WASN'T surprised to learn that telephone subscribers whose homes have been bombed must pay the telephone bill in full.

It wasn't until a telephone had been destroyed that I found that the subscriber is required to replace the instrument.

We were told that the G.P.O. advises all subscribers to insure the cost of each instrument for £5.—Miss M. P., Lanark, Scotland.

Post Office have now announced a concession for telephone subscribers who are victims of bombing.

The Jockey who Talked Too Much

(Continued from page 19)

Then the thought of what Baldy's bullies might do to him made him change his mind.

So when the tapes flew up Jackie kept well in the ruck, almost pulling Santa's jaw off in his efforts to stay with the field.

By the time they reached the straight Santa was well boxed in, and the favourite hadn't a chance.

Baldy watched the finish through his race glasses, took one look in his satchel stuffed with dough for Santa Claus, and began handing cigars to his pals.

What Dulcie said to Jackie and what Jackie said to Dulcie afterwards is not on record.

Nobody knows what the boys who put their bank rolls on Jackie's tip would have done to the jockey had they caught him.

But Jackie was never caught.

Suffice to say that his heart was broken. He just disappeared after the race and did not darken a racecourse again.

What became of Jackie?

That, no one can tell, but Limpy Lou, the little tipster runt, claims to have seen him spreading the word at Marble Arch.

According to Lou, Jackie was dressed in the uniform of a famous religious organisation, and was telling poor sinners with puritanical zeal that betting was sinful and gambling a delusion.

"I knew it was Jackie," Lou explained, "because he said he'd lost thousands on the Turf before he'd seen the Light."

"Any other means of identification?" I asked Lou.

"Sure," said this impish rogue. "This bloke couldn't keep his trap shut . . ."

NEXT WEEK: Rogue of The Racetrack.

The Last Laugh

RECRUIT (Yorkshire).—"I take off my cap to our colonel." He would probably appreciate it more if you gave him the correct salute.

J. O. (Stamford).—"Ambition, pah! Why should we endeavour to rise by our own efforts?" Because there's no knowing when the alarm clock may go wrong.

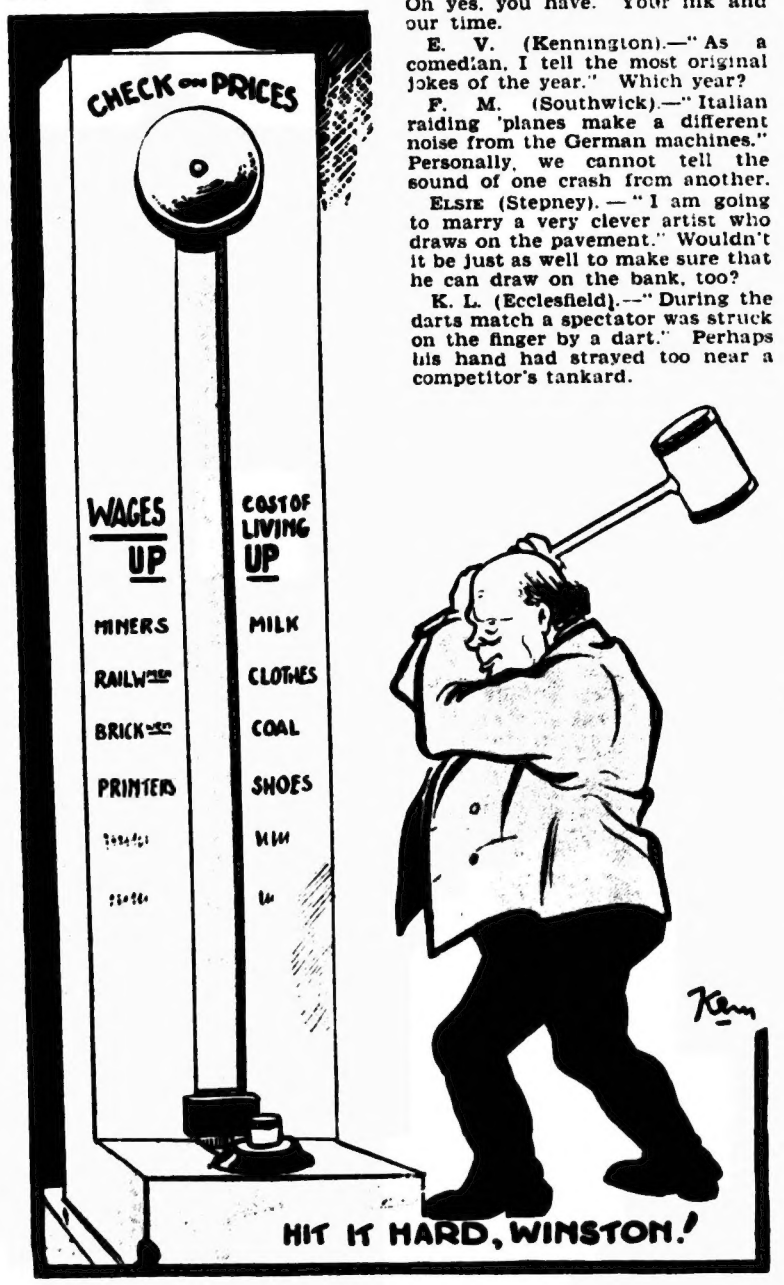
S. Mc. (Kirkcaldy).—"How do you know the world is round and hangs on nothing in the air—how can you prove it?" We don't have to prove it—we never said it was.

L. P. (Thornaby).—"What do you think I was up to when I left the club without saying a word to anybody?" Your ninth whisky and soda?

V. Y. (Stonehouse).—"Is a man necessarily dishonest if he can't look you in the face?" No, he may just be cross-eyed.

DOLLY (Brighton).—"There must be lots of men much worse than my boy." And you want one of them?

POULTRY FAN (Southall).—"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning I find two or three lying on the ground, cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?" My dear sir, it is fairly obvious—your chickens are dead



J. F. (Hampstead). — "Our amateur dramatic society's recent production of 'Hamlet' was a failure." Didn't you collect any eggs?

S. S. (Portmadoc).—"Goering would be in the running for the Nazi leadership if anything happened to the Fuehrer." In that case he would be well advised not to stop running.

M. B. (Poplar).—"Seeing a light in a window last night I heaved a brick through, then entered the house to find it empty and no lights on. What do you think of that for a story?" All moonshine!

SALLY (London, N.).—"I think it a disgraceful thing that a girl should be kissed as I was, against my will, and the next day the fellow tried to repeat the offence.' Well, a criminal always returns to the scene of his crime, you know.

T. M. (Balham).—"I got so fed up with the rain coming through the attic roof that I have moved my study to the ground floor." The weather got you down, as it were.

H. H. (Malvern).—"My mother calls me 'Freddie,' my father calls me 'son,' and my girl calls me 'Ginger.' What do you think they will call me in the Army?" Early.

T. P. (Huntingdon).—"I have never wasted anything in my life." Oh yes, you have. Your ink and our time.

E. V. (Kennington).—"As a comedian, I tell the most original jokes of the year." Which year?

F. M. (Southwick).—"Italian raiding 'planes make a different noise from the German machines." Personally, we cannot tell the sound of one crash from another.

ELSIE (Stepney). — "I am going to marry a very clever artist who draws on the pavement." Wouldn't it be just as well to make sure that he can draw on the bank, too?

K. L. (Ecclesfield).—"During the darts match a spectator was struck on the finger by a dart." Perhaps his hand had strayed too near a competitor's tankard.

N. N. (Colchester).—"Piping in the haggis will be a feature of festivities celebrated by a famous Scottish regiment which my brother has recently joined." After the meal, it will presumably be added to the local scrap metal collection?

T. N. (Ramsgate).—"I once went to Italy on a short visit." Some Italians have been making what they meant to be short visits to this country, but they have been persuaded to stay.

NATURALIST (Rothbury).—"Put a monkey in front of a mirror and it will pull the most hideous faces." And without a razor.

R. L. (Stockwell).—"Now that I have given you all the facts, perhaps you will point me the way out." Certainly, come along any morning you like.

F. N. (Ely).—"I keep myself to myself." It's nice to hear of someone so thoughtful of others.

A. L. (Tiptree).—"I am never funny at my wife's expense." Just annoyed?

ELSIE (Dulwich).—"I have been engaged to a soldier and an airman and now I am going about with a petty officer." Don't you seem to be a little uncertain about your war aims?

JOHN (Norwich).—"My mother didn't like my girl friend's low-cut dress." But it was all right as far as you could see?

P W. (Mablethorpe).—"Don't you think that the Germans are apt to jump to hasty conclusions?" Certainly many of their airmen whose parachutes failed to open have done so

M. Y. (Crewe).—"Leave a woman to herself and she will often live on tinned stuff' Leave a man to himself and he'll often live on bottled stuff.

TRAFFIC EXPERT (Westminster).—"The atmosphere of a city can be entirely changed by the introduction of fresh transport." But the recent rains in London are not due to the presence of Manchester 'buses in the Metropolis.

MRS. Y. (Morden).—"As I have lost my canary, can I ring up Scotland Yard? And, if so, whom shall I ask for?" The Flying Squad

GEORGE (East Ham).—"I've just started smoking, but I can't get on with it at all. Would you mind telling me what you smoke in your pipe?" Tobacco.

B. N. (Oxford).—"The mirror over my washbasin gets steamed up when I am shaving. Is there any way of avoiding this?" Use cold water.

V. F. (Tooting).—"I was eating some sandwiches at a zoo the other day when a giraffe stretched down over a fence and took the packet away from me." What a neck!

L. P. (Shaftesbury).—"I wonder how the Italians will account for their defeat in Albania." It's all Greek to them!

MANAGER (Ealing).—"I told my office boy the other day that if he couldn't manage the work, I'd have to get another boy." And he replied that he could do with some help?

PATRICIA (Sale).—"If you will let me know the date of your birthday, I will send you a letter-opener as a present." We don't need one, thanks—we're married.

G. M. (Purley).—"How do the Germans arrive at their figures of air losses?" They count the number of 'planes that get home, multiply them by ten, and if that makes any over the original number they call the surplus British losses.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Don't you worry, now, mister. When this 'ere war's over we'll see you gets more livin' space an' all that"

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—"Since February last, when the group was formed, over £6,576 has been invested in WAR SONGS."

STAFFORDSHIRE EVENING SENTINEL:—"While on the march, the two men made up their WINDS to escape."

MORNING ADVERTISER:—"A German bomber was seen making off with smoke coming from its TOIL."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"'Be of good heart,' it said, 'for the day of deliverance is NIGHT.'"

THE STAR:—"Consider the case of the muffin man. He can no longer ring his bell in case he is arrested as an INVASION."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"Representatives of the military and FIANCE branches of the War Office will serve on the Commission."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—". . . so that any GERMANS likely to cause infections such as colds, influenza, scarlet fever and shelter throat can be rendered harmless."

EVENING NEWS AND TIMES (Worcester):—"The curtains were blowing BACKYARDS and forwards."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"On each storey of the shelter there will be eight BIRTHS."

DAILY WORKER:—"At this Mr. W—— protested strongly, whereupon a policeman was called and he was given in CHANGE."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"One of the soldiers taking part in an entertainment was a SNAKE-CHARGER in civil life."

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"We were in the boats for six and a half hours before we were KICKED up."

EVENING POST (BRISTOL):—"The elder bridesmaid wore a powder blue taffeta dress, with headdress of blue velvet SHOES."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Greek troops were reported throwing themselves recklessly into the Northern Hellenic ASSES."

● *Income Tax, Life, National Health and Unemployment Insurance problems can be settled by "writing to 'John Bull' about it." Merely enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your enquiry, and address it to 'John Bull's' Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2*

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HURRY FOR YOUR XMAS CASH!

over £300

1st PRIZE £100

£20 £10

100% 80% 60% 40% 39% 38%

37% 36% 35% 34% 33% 32%

31% 4 of 30% 30 of 25% 1000 NEW Merit Awards

£25 EXTRA

This Xmas Cash Bonus will be equally divided amongst the 50 chief winners who submitted 4 or more "Bullets" for this Special Offer.

£25 CASH AND OTHER PRIZES—Post by Sat Dec 14

1,089 PRIZES THIS WEEK—THIS WAY TO WIN YOURS!

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,247

E. AMBROSE, 24, Lorne Street, Reading, Berks.
Example: **WON'T IT BE LOVELY WHEN**
Bullet: **WAR "DIES" IN MEN.**

£20, Second Prize: E. J. Creed, Saxondale, Churchill, Bristol.
Example: **For Peace**
Bullet: **"We Must Want" Awhile.**

£10, Third Prize: C. V. Donovan, 8, The Crescent, Malpas, Newport, Mon. (Entered on Prize Coupon).
Example: **Gets Me Down**
Bullet: *Rome* **Sacred? So's** *Hyde!*

100s.: W. A. Morgan, 165, Upwell Street, Sheffield
Shows He's A Funk—And Stunt, Hannelius's "Bunk."

95s.: A. Wood, "Fairview," Wilnecote Lane, Kettlebrook, Tamworth
When Britain Makes—Her Drive, Herr "Driven."

90s.: H. A. Waite, 234, Collingwood Road, Sutton, Surrey
Millions Of Europe—Eye Britain—Eyes Brighten.

85s.: A. Montgomery, "Belmont," 9, Welton Avenue, Upton, Wirral
Out Of Germany—"The Salt"—Hence "Ruffianess."

80s.: F. G. Jennings, 94, Woodside, Wimbledon, S.W.
Marching On—To Disillusionment's "Desert," Italians.

75s.: B. Mallett, 20, Sandfield Road, St. Albans, Herts.
Smashing Capital—Ships—Seats Smashing Capitals.

70s.: T. Kinnaird, 90, Holyrood Road, Edinburgh
For Peace—Council Considering Deep Shelters!

65s.: C. Lister, 16, Axholme Road, Doncaster
Upset The Dance—Music Pinned, "Ballet Shirts."

60s.: Mrs. A. M. Staddon, 9, Clifton Street, Newtown, Exeter
Out Of Germany—Ships Raider, Not Traitor.

55s.: Miss L. M. Bromwich, 219, Bloxwich Road, Walsall
Shot Down—Dusk—Flew Over Dorchtogether!

50s.: G. J. Hunt, 12, Ambleside Avenue, Roath Park, Cardiff
Ready For Christmas—If Bull's Fowl *Lives.*

List of 25 winners of Christmas Turkeys and 50 winners of Christmas Fowls can be seen at these offices. The 20 £1 Bonuses and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet*. But don't be satisfied with just any old *Bullet*. You will get more fun out of "Bulleteering" if you polish your efforts into neat, pithy and original comments—and more prizes, too!

Read through the winning *Bullets* on left, then down with a will to your *own* efforts, for there is no reason why one of this week's 50 FAT CHRISTMAS CHEQUES should not be YOURS!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

BRITONS
IN 1941
FIGHTING SPIRIT
STALIN
WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN
TOMFOOLERY
WAR MACHINE
MOTHER KNOWS
BARRAGE OF CRITICISM
BOUND TO SUCCEED
CAMOUFLAGE
OUT OF IT
WEARILY
POOR SHOW
NOT SO FUNNY
VOLUNTEERS
IN BERLIN
MESSING ABOUT
NEAR ONE
OUR CHURCH WAS BOMBED, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Worthy Of	America's .....
Gives Us.....	Struggle For.....
To Defend Our....	Next Door To ....

ENTRY-FEE
Send P.O. or stamps at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

ADDRESS ENTRY:
"Bullets" No. 1,251, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value.... No.....

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Address .....

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Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of *Bullets* BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin.
ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your invaluable guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address.....

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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

John Bull's great Xmas Gift to You

John Bull
7/-
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 7/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 5/10, which includes postage and insurance.

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"EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE." Mr. R. B. Hyde, of 56, Langton Hill, Horncastle, Lincs, writes: "For eight years my 'John Bull' Pen has been in constant use, including the writing of Lecture notes daily."

Post this Form AT ONCE!

Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with this SET

Don't be too late!

IF you have not already applied for "John Bull's" Xmas Gift—the gift to which hundreds of thousands of our readers look forward every year—you should do so without delay. There is no time to lose if you are to get this Gift for yourself, your friends in the Forces or for one of the family in good time for Xmas.

"John Bull" presents you with an Xmas Gift Voucher value 7/-, which will be accepted as cash in part payment of the beautiful 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The raven black pen with its graceful streamline effect delights the eye. The lever self-filling device is simple in action. The pen is fitted with a large nib of 14-carat solid gold with a tip of costly iridium and ink shut-off which prevents it leaking when not in use. It has two inlaid bands of 18-carat rolled gold and a Safety pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil to match has an inlaid band of 18-carat rolled gold, feel-proof propel-repel movement, Safety pocket-clip and extra leads. Both Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The superb Presentation Case is beautifully coloured and handsomely lined with art satin.

A 5-YEAR GUARANTEE ACCOMPANIES EVERY SET.

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To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I ENCLOSE Gift Voucher value 7/-, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/6 plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 5/10 in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE (*Cross out grade of nib NOT required*)

NAME..... Write clearly in Block Letters. 7-12 46.
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
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Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

A signal success at Christmastide

'Player's Please'—that's the most popular message everywhere; particularly so at Christmastide and on all those occasions when a smoker's present has to be considered. By choosing Player's you can rest content that your gifts will always prove signal successes.

★ In the National interest empty your packet at time of purchase and leave with your tobacconist.

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N.C.C.140C

"Go and Ask Charlie FOR A COUPLE OF HIS TABLETS"

What happens when a man feels queer in a big works

THEY ALL TAKE YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic

Essex, 1940

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to tell you I suffered with gastric trouble for years, in fact, I had to resign from the Essex Constabulary because of it.

I tried all sorts of remedies, but neither they nor treatment did any good. I saw your advt. and tried a small bottle of Yeast-Vite; the result was marvellous. I had my first night's sleep free from pain for months.

I am never without a bottle now, and recommend your tablets to all my workmates. I work in a large works here, and it is a common thing when a man says he feels queer to be told—"Go and ask Charlie for a couple of his tablets" and I am only too glad to pass them on.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) Mr. C. J.

I Am Finding Them Splendid

St. Helens,
Oct. 14th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

Would you please forward me samples of Yeast-Vite for professional uses.

I am finding them splendid, especially in times like these. I recommend them as often as I can. They seem to suit everyone.

Thanking you,
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Sister A. H.

St. Helens,

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you how wonderful your Yeast-Vite tablets are. I've had headaches for years. I was recommended Yeast-Vite, and after a few weeks I felt much better. I never complain of headaches now.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. H.

"You are doing a work of national importance"

Leicester, Sept. 2nd, 1940.

Gentlemen,

I feel that I really must write and thank you for the wonderful benefit I have derived from taking a short course of your famous Yeast-Vite tablets. My work entails long hours and tedious journeys to all parts of the country, and I am quite sure that but for the help given me by these tablets I would not have been able to carry on at all.

Such consistent advertising of this product over a number of years MUST convince anyone that they ARE good; a little thought will show that no matter how much money is spent on advertising a commodity, sooner or later, it MUST stand on its merit, and if it fails to stand up to this test all money spent on publicity is entirely wasted. In manufacturing these tablets you are doing a work of national importance, and I take this opportunity of wishing the firm every success.

I shall certainly recommend Yeast-Vite on every possible occasion; in my opinion, in these days it is a blessing.

Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) G. B. F.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE brand tablets are sold everywhere at 7d., 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8, including Purchase Tax.

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